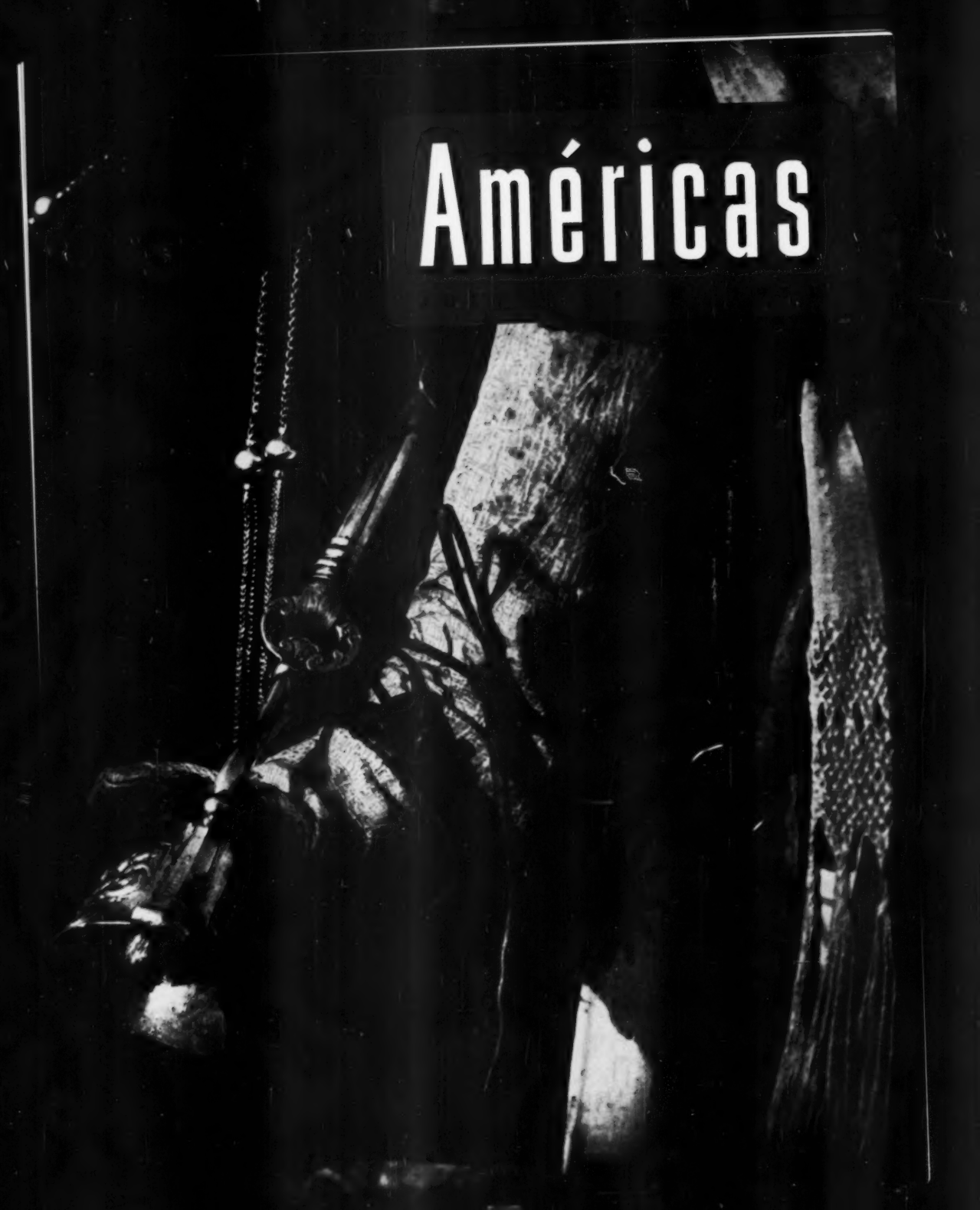


# Américas





# Américas

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The gaucho's stirrup and spur (see page 24). Photograph by Arnold Hasenclever

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## Dear Reader

In June His Excellency the President of Ecuador, Galo Plaza, paid a visit to Washington at the invitation of President Truman. His last journey to the United States, during the interval between his election to the Presidency and his inauguration, was a purely personal trip to undergo medical treatment. Judging from President Plaza's tremendous activity since then, his health must now be perfect. The youthful chief of state is carrying out a political, administrative, and social experiment of vast proportions. The press has been busy lately with accounts of his personality, which is vigorous and bold, like that of all the members of his family. But while Galo Plaza has placed all his talents at the service of his country, the qualities he has mostly drawn upon are seldom associated with him or his family. These are boundless patience, constant vigilance, and a rare ability to hit upon working solutions, which older and more expert politicians before him never discovered, to accustom Ecuadoreans to thinking in terms of the democratic process instead of trying every six months to cure their age-old ills by revolution. It has been a long time since Ecuador has had a peaceful and constitutional change of administration. Plaza hopes that there will be one at the end of his term, guaranteed by the free vote. He also hopes that, as a result of a persistent effort at administrative organization and the marshaling of national resources, the nation will acquire stability and continuity. If the process set in motion by Plaza is not interrupted, Ecuador will demonstrate that there is not a country on earth where work and peace cannot pay quick dividends in an atmosphere of freedom.

The success that has attended President Plaza's administration cannot be attributed to fair winds. Quite the contrary. Ecuador has suffered serious adversity in recent days, one instance being the Ambato earthquake, from whose terrible consequences the country is only now beginning to recover. But President Plaza believes in technology, and his nation is in the front ranks of those making full use of international economic cooperation at all levels. For instance, an OAS commission is on the scene at Ambato, directing a complex program for adapting an entire community to new and different conditions.

President Plaza leaves behind a very pleasant impression in Washington, where he had previously served as Ecuadorean Ambassador to the White House and Representative to the OAS. He left a clear idea of the firmness and sureness with which he is leading his nation. OAS Council members, almost all old friends of his, welcomed enthusiastically this chief of a state that is known for its traditional adherence to international law and the principle of inter-American unity.

*Alberto Lleras*  
Secretary General

## CONTRIBUTORS



ALBERTO GALINDO, ex-editor of the Bogotá daily *El Liberal*, leads off this month with "Colombia's Five-Year Plan." Sr. Galindo has twenty-six years' experience as a journalist behind him, having joined the staff of *El Tiempo* in 1925. Before taking over *El Liberal* in 1943, he spent thirteen years as editor of another paper in the capital, *El Espectador*. In the mid-1930's, he entered politics, serving as senator in 1935, representative in 1937-38 and 1943-44, and municipal councillor of Bogotá in 1942-48. Sr. Galindo also organized the Inter-American Press Conference held in the Colombian capital in 1947, and was president of the Inter-American Press Society from 1947 to 1949. Now a freelancer, he contributes frequently to the newsweekly *Semana*.



CLIFFORD EVANS, JR., and BETTY J. MEGGERS, who wrote "American Table d'Hôte," are a husband-and-wife team backed by an awesome set of degrees. Mrs. Evans graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, took her M.A. at Michigan, and did work toward her Ph.D. at Columbia. Mr. Evans is a graduate of the University of Southern California and took his doctorate in anthropology at Columbia in 1950. In 1946 he was a member of an archeological expedition to the Virú Valley in northern Peru. Both were members of the Lower Amazon archeological expedition sponsored by Columbia and the Viking Fund. Mr. Evans is currently associate curator of the Smithsonian Institution's Archeology Division, and Mrs. Evans is a lecturer in anthropology at American University in Washington.



In "Ticket to Central America" FRANCISCO J. HERNÁNDEZ, chief of the Pan American Union's Travel Division, reports on the First Travel Congress of Mexico, Central America, and Panama. A veteran of eighteen international conferences and one of the most experienced promoters of inter-American travel in the Hemisphere, "Paco" was named honorary secretary general. His value as a mentor was indicated by the Final Act, in which delegates resolved "To express the Congress' thanks to the Pan American Union for taking so much interest in its efforts and for sending as technical observer Mr. Francisco J. Hernández, who provided very important and practical assistance."

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the organization.



ALICE RAINE spent months digging up little known facts about Mexico's Gerardo Murillo, "Alias Dr. Atl." Born in China, Mrs. Raine has traveled most of her life, has lived in Ethiopia, Europe, and for many years in Latin America. Her husband, Philip Raine, is cultural attaché at the U. S. Embassy in Mexico City. She has written frequent articles on Latin American subjects; her first book, *Eagle of Guatemala*, a biography of Justo Rufino Barrios, was published three years ago.



Salvadorean newspaperman JOSÉ QUETGLAS gives us an eyewitness account of the "Disaster in El Salvador." Quetglas began his journalistic career early, becoming editor of *El Gráfico* while still in his twenties. Later he edited *La Prensa Gráfica* and *La Tribuna* and launched the magazine *Ahora*, all San Salvador publications. He is the author of a book for adolescents called *Juventud* (Youth). Founder of the Salvadorean Press Club, he has twice served as its president. A few years ago, while living in Chicago, Illinois, he edited *Revista Rotaria*, the Spanish edition of *The Rotarian*. Currently, he is press secretary to the President of El Salvador, with the rank of Undersecretary of State.

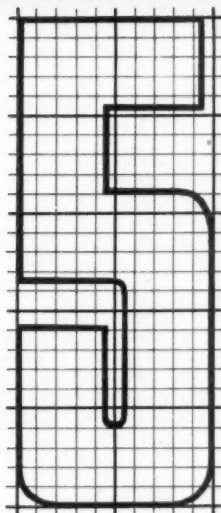


Rafael Angel Diaz Sosa, using the pseudonym RAFAEL PINEDA, opens our book section this month with "What They're Reading in Venezuela." Born in Guayana, Venezuela, in 1926, he won his degree in journalism at the Central University of Venezuela. His first book of poems, *El Resplandor de las Palabras* (The Splendor of Words), appeared in 1946, and he now has two more volumes ready for the press. In 1950 his play *Los Conjurados* (The Conspirators) was awarded the University Theater Prize. Besides editing the Creole Petroleum Corporation's two publications, *El Farol* and *Nosotros*, he writes a weekly literary column in the Caracas newspaper *El Nacional*.

Our other reviewers this month are Duncan Aikman, author of *The All American Front* and countless magazine articles on Latin America, who considers Herbert Hoover's *Latin-American Policy* by Alexander DeConde; Hubert Leckie, *AMERICAS'* art director, discussing *The Work of Oscar Niemeyer* by Stamo Papadaki; and PAU visual arts chief José Gómez Sicre, who wrote the review on Ritchie's *Abstract Painting and Sculpture in America* just before taking off for Germany to give a series of State Department-sponsored lectures on Latin American culture.



# COLOMBIA'S



# YEAR PLAN

**Alberto Galindo**

THE DICTIONARY gives the word *correrías* for "making the rounds." In Bogotá the newspapers spell it *currierías*. They take place all the time, especially on Sundays, all through the interior of Colombia. They are visits to small towns on market days to talk to the farmers, study rural social conditions, find out about transportation facilities, wages, and prices. In short, to get a true picture of the national economy. These informal excursions are organized by Mr. Lauchlin Currie, who headed the mission of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development that presented a five-year plan for developing the Colombian economy—and then returned to work for the Colombian Government to help put the plan into effect and to study methods of improving public administration.

It all began three years ago, when John McCloy, then president of the International Bank, spent a few days in Bogotá. It was a time of dollar scarcity, and prospects for foreign credits were the favorite topic of conversation. People kept besieging Mr. McCloy with questions about when the Bank would grant Colombia a loan. Finally one night at a banquet, he decided to clear the air, and answered: "I forgot to bring my checkbook. Let's wait a little while."

Nevertheless, when he returned to Washington and the Bank offices, he had a talk with Emilio Toro, Colombian financier and one of the Bank's executive directors, on the possibilities of financial assistance to Latin America. Señor Toro showed him that for many reasons Colombia was a suitable place to try a system of economic planning, with the Bank's help, to raise the people's living standards and productivity. The Point Four idea had not yet been suggested. Further discussions and travel by Señor Toro and Bank officials led to the special mission under Mr. Currie's leadership, at the invitation of the Colombian Government [see "Colombian Blueprint," January 1950 AMERICAS]. Expenses (about U.S. \$350,000) were borne partly by the Bank and partly by the Colombians, with the *Banco de la República* acting as co-

sponsor and organizing a staff of Colombian advisers.

The Currie mission's work marked the first time the International Bank had tried such broad, basic economic planning. U.S. missions had previously studied monetary problems in Mexico, Chile, and other countries. Only in Brazil had a general plan been drawn up for production, distribution, consumption, banking, education, public health, housing, public finance, and the standard of living in general—by U.S. and Brazilian experts (the Abbink commission) about four years ago. Now the International Bank has done the same thing for Colombia. The result is a general program that anticipates investment of 5,087,700,000 Colombian pesos—about two billion dollars, with one dollar equal to 2.51 pesos—over a period of five years and includes imports in U.S. dollars totaling \$853,500,000.

## RECOMMENDED FIVE-YEAR INVESTMENT PROGRAM

	Total Investments (millions of pesos)	Cost of Imports (millions of dollars)
industries	741.5	\$ 191.5
agriculture	517.0	109.0
transportation	1,523.5	322.5
mining	135.5	46.0
building trades	40.5	14.0
housing	1,145.4	43.5
buildings	447.7	28.5
municipal facilities and power	536.6	98.5
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>5,087.7</b>	<b>\$ 853.5</b>

The plan calls for two-thirds of the proposed total investment to be obtained from private capital with the rest to be put up by the government. Colombia's annual budget runs to 1,100,000,000 pesos, about half going to the national government and the remainder to the departments and cities and autonomous official agencies.

Under the Currie Plan the yearly investment of public funds would run to about 330,000,000 pesos. As for private investment, that basically depends on the rate of saving, which has always been very low in Colombia.

For example, it is estimated that in 1947 Colombian consumers earned 3,000,900,000 pesos, of which they spent 2,985,400,000, leaving liquid savings of only 15,500,000. For a total of ten million consumers, this means an average saving of only 1.55 pesos per year. And the rate has been slowed even more by the dizzy inflationary spiral of the last few years. In contrast, business savings, which totaled 447,000,000 pesos in 1947, have gone up, due to bigger profits. The plan presupposes annual private investment of 750,000,000 pesos, which would require a high proportion of foreign capital.

The program's general aims were listed by the Currie mission as: 1) To achieve the best possible health for all the people; 2) to reduce illiteracy and improve primary, secondary, and technical education; 3) to provide more electric light and energy; 4) to make it possible for all to enjoy a more comfortable and pleasant life.

The mission added that these objectives were to be attained by stepping up production, by a better distribution of income, and by more credits and investments from abroad. The plan is calculated to raise the value of gross national production from the 1950 level of 5,708,000,000 pesos to 6,698,000,000 in 1953, the half-way point in the program, with a parallel jump in net national income from 5,051,000,000 pesos in 1950 to 5,860,000,000 in 1953. Moreover, it is estimated that by following the plan employment can be increased in three years by thirty thousand jobs in industry and sixteen thousand in construction work. At the same time, it is foreseen that the proportion of the population living in urban areas—29 per cent in 1943, and the political situation has raised this figure—will go up by 3.1 per cent, while the total population increases 1.5 per cent. Colombia today has eleven million people, of whom 71 per cent live in towns with less than 1,500 population; 40 per cent live in warm tropical areas, 36 per cent in regions with a temperate or moderate climate, and 24 per cent in the cold highlands.

What, concretely, will be the effect of the plan on the various sectors of the Colombian economy? Let's take a look at the overall aim of boosting agricultural production.

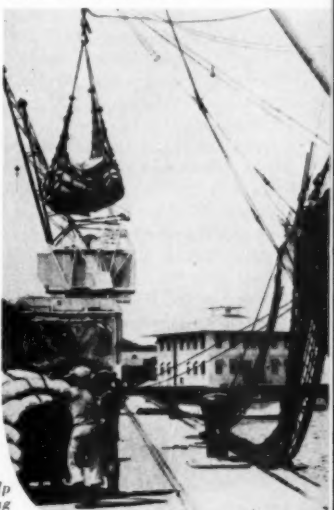
#### AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION TARGETS

	1955 Crop Goals (in thousands of tons)	Annual Percentage Increase Needed
cacao	34	13
coffee	461	3.25
lint cotton	37	26.25
sugar	156	8.25
panels	801	2
rice	224	0
corn	741	2
wheat	175	4.25
barley	40	5
beans	72	2
potatoes	550	2
yucca-lame	872	2
figue (agave)	16	5
tobacco	34	7
beef cattle	1,724	3.5
hogs	725	1
milk	1,346	15
fish	86	—

Head office of Colombia's Credit Bank in Bogotá helps administer development plan for agriculture and industry



Railway and highway improvement is one of first projects started under plan. Reconstruction work on railroad from Bogotá to Magdalena River



Increasing coffee exports would help pay for development program. Loading main export crop in Cartagena



New Orleans manufacturers and newspapermen visit factory of Icollant company, now producing large part of country's tire needs

Bamboo is finding new uses in building construction. Rafts of logs float down Cauca River.



Lauchlin Currie (hands on hips) and party admire church in Guatemala, while burros bring farm produce to market

On the basis of this production scale, Colombia should not only be able to meet the needs of a normally increasing population but should be in a position to export certain commodities, such as sugar, rice, bananas, and cacao, and also intensify its coffee exports. Additional agricultural machinery and animal-drawn vehicles are needed to improve man-hour output, making workers available for other branches of the economy. At present, food production alone requires 63 per cent of the country's working population. But about a third of the national income goes to the corporations, owned by some eighty thousand people.

#### RECOMMENDED AGRICULTURAL INVESTMENTS

(in millions of pesos)

irrigation and drainage projects	80.0
development and reforestation of land (including reseeding of pastures)	78.5
production facilities and equipment (machinery, fertilizers, breeding stock, insecticides, etc.)	323.5
grain storage and drying facilities	17.5
fisheries development	17.5
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>517.0</b>

In connection with the fishing industry, the mission estimated that it should be possible to raise per capita fish consumption to an average of 15.4 pounds a year (concentrated, of course, in coastal areas). For cattle raisers, it advised reseeding pastures with better grasses in order to reduce the area need to support the animals, which averaged over four acres per head in 1948, and to increase the weight of slaughtered cattle. The mission also recommended importing 2,000,000 pesos' worth of selected types of milk cows annually, to reach a yearly milk production of 753,000 tons. (This is considered feasible; the goal for 1955 listed earlier is what health requirements would dictate but is regarded as impossible to attain.)

The agricultural program drawn up by the Currie mission contained one suggestion that led to heated debate. This was that an additional tax be imposed on good land, in inverse proportion to the return obtained from it. A new property appraisal would be carried out. At the same time the basic land tax rate of four per thousand would be modified, with progressively higher rates applying where the net income from the land was less than a predetermined percentage of the land's current market value. With this scheme, the mission hoped to combat the evils of absentee landowning and encourage the use of more practical cultivation methods. One of the arguments put forth in its behalf is the fact that the best arable lands and those nearest big consuming centers, like the plains of the Sabana de Bogotá, are being turned over more and more to cattle raising instead of producing the foods the country needs.

The proposal met with vigorous opposition from the directors of the *Sociedad de Agricultores de Colombia* (Colombian Farmers' Society), who called it a socialistic measure. The mission had expressed the opinion that for

(Continued on page 41)

José Quetglas

"I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!" President Oscar Osorio of El Salvador shook his head sadly as he looked at the debris that had been the city of Jucuapa a few hours earlier. Until then he had not realized the toll the violent earthquake had taken in lives and property.

Not even the earthquakes of 1917 in San Salvador, 1936 in San Vicente, and 1937 in Ahuachapán had caused so much damage. The first reports, broadcast over the radio and later amplified in the press, shocked the country profoundly. But none of the accounts, not even the moving stories of the journalists, gave any real idea of the vast material destruction or the tragedy that enveloped the people of the area.

According to Jucuapa's town clock, which fell with the church towers, the tragic moment of a region known for its prosperity and for its citizens' fighting spirit came at five minutes of five that Sunday afternoon, the sixth of May. Three cities and two towns, with a total population of 60,000, were hardest hit. Jucuapa and Chinameca suffered greater losses than Santiago de María, San Buenaventura, and Nueva Guadalupe. Lesser effects were felt in Berlín, California, and Lolotique.

Walls collapsed on the asphalt road that forms part of the Pan American Highway, making it impassable. But within a few hours the route was clear and help began pouring in from San Salvador, the capital, and other cities.

Almost at once there was a large-scale exodus. All kinds of vehicles choked the highway, and thousands of dazed men, women, and children of all ages, some taking along their domestic animals, wandered aimlessly down the roads. Behind them they left a Dantesque scene: whole blocks of houses turned into heaps of ruins, from which columns of dust were still rising timidly to Heaven, as if imploring mercy for the survivors and peace for those who died. . . .

"We didn't have time for anything," said Salvador Ramírez, a Jucuapa workman who miraculously escaped death. When he tried to save himself by jumping to the street, a wall fell down around him, but he found himself in a crevice formed by a door and some beams. And there he was before us, still shaken by the terror of watching clean and progressive Jucuapa fall as if under the cruel blow of a hammer.

Not a street remained open. One had to walk on the debris, up to ten feet high in places, knowing that below were a thousand people, some perhaps still barely alive. A little white dog scratched among the ruins, sure that his masters were among them.

Over there they were bringing in the bodies of men, women, and children. Terror was written in the open eyes of a dead six-year-old girl. One man, carrying the corpse of his infant daughter in his arms, wandered about as if he had lost his mind; his wife had been buried alive.

A young man from San Salvador, who went to Jucuapa every Sunday to visit his fiancée, was with her in the park when the first tremor occurred. When she shouted,

**DISASTER  
IN EL SALVADOR**

*Salvadorean President Oscar Osorio (center, in pith helmet) inspects ruins of Jucuapa. At his left, wearing white cap, the author*

"Let's try to reach my mother!" he ran to the house, only to be buried with the old woman under the crumbling structure. These are only a few of the thousands of pathetic cases that are weighing on the minds of the Salvadorean people.

In situations of this kind there are always strange paradoxes. Mr. Walter Schutz, who lost his son Oscar (recently awarded a Ph.D.) and saw his Jucuapa home destroyed, won a house in San Salvador in a raffle three days later. A Jucuapa youth who had gone insane after seeing his father assassinated fifteen years before, was partially cured by the shock of the quakes. In the automobile that took him to the capital he understood a radio program for the first time.

According to the official count, the number of bodies recovered so far is 1,400 and the figure may reach 2,000. Approximately 96,000 people or 16,000 families were directly affected. This includes 17,000 children under five and 22,000 of school age. About 6,000 housing units will be needed to shelter the unfortunate families.

The army was immediately placed in charge of the affected area, and a state of siege was declared in the departments of San Miguel and Chinameca. To preserve order and protect property, martial law was declared after 6:00 P.M. No one could enter the damaged cities without a pass from the Ministry of Defense.

Many of the homeless were transferred to San Salvador, San Vicente, and San Miguel. Nine thousand were housed in the unfinished buildings of University City in the outskirts of the capital, where medicines, food, and clothing are being provided. The injured were taken to the Hospital of San Miguel for immediate attention. Supervised by the authorities, survivors in the stricken communities began the task of recovering bodies, money, furniture, jewelry, documents.

Simultaneously with the arrival of assistance from the United States, Nicaragua, Guatemala, Cuba, Honduras, Mexico, the Holy See, Ecuador, and other countries, President Osorio appealed to Salvadoreans to help the victims and promised to do everything possible to speed rehabilitation work. His appeal drew immediate response. Public employees offered a day's wages, and businessmen, white collar workers, laborers—people in all walks of life—donated money or vital supplies. Children in the primary and secondary schools broke their toy banks to swell the fund. A National Relief Committee of prominent citizens was appointed to handle the collection.

Doctors, students, and nurses from Cuba, Guatemala, and other nations shared the difficult hours with their Salvadorean colleagues, and many lives were saved by their labors. Even in the midst of their trouble, the people of San Miguel staged a mass demonstration of their gratitude to the foreign doctors.

The Army is doing an excellent job. Its members get no rest, working on despite danger and bad weather. At the request of the Salvadorean Army's General Staff, U.S. Army communications men installed a complete



*Quake survivors at Santiago de Maria queue up for food; some have not eaten in forty-eight hours*



*Government telegrapher sets up shop in main plaza of Jucuapa*



*Unbroken mirror still hangs on wall of wrecked house in Jucuapa*



*At open-air meeting, leading citizens of Chinameca discuss relief measures*





*Jucuapa's clock tower lies on its side in main square*



*Jucuapa. Many dead still lay under debris when picture was taken*



*Toppled gravestones and statuary in Jucuapa cemetery*



*Victims who have salvaged a few belongings start housekeeping in Chinameca plaza*

radio-telephone network to link San Salvador with the afflicted district.

Sanitation and public works technicians are already hard at work drawing up plans for new cities and for helping the refugees get back to normal as soon as possible. Current blueprints call for five encampments, each accommodating 3,000 people, near Jucuapa and Chinameca. Each encampment will have a director with authority to regulate communal activities, and probably a security officer appointed by the Ministry of Defense. The director's office will supervise: sanitation and medical facilities; a welfare department, responsible for providing registration, information, placement, and social services; a supply office in charge of the warehouse and commissary; a chaplain; secretarial personnel; and a group of teachers named by the Ministry of Culture to staff the school.

As for the physical plant, an official proposal states: "It will be necessary to build, in addition to barracks subdivided into family dwelling units, an administration building, a school with a playground, a chapel, and a commissary or market. There will be special buildings for workshops and a community laundry, plus a simple structure that could serve as a social center."

The problem created by this earthquake is more serious than any El Salvador has ever had to face. To cope with its facets, the authorities need tremendous resources. The health question alone is extremely complicated. Even if there were no unusual amount of sickness among the uprooted people (which is highly unlikely), there would theoretically be 320 births and 136 deaths a month, including 38 deaths among babies under a year.

The demand for food in the cities invaded by the refugees and the paralysis of production in the damaged areas due to lack of manpower are resulting in scarcities and high prices. According to unofficial estimates, the current situation cannot go on for more than forty days; at the end of that period the encampments must be ready so that the refugees can again live productive lives.

But all this requires enormous amounts of money and many materials not found in El Salvador. There is no wood, for example, as the country's small territory has been stripped of forests to get more land for crops in the superhuman struggle for survival.

The exact cause of the earthquake has not been determined. Jucuapa (an Indian name meaning "acid or mineral water") is located on the slopes of Jucuapa volcano, which rises 5,400 feet above sea level. Chinameca ("place of cane hedges or fences"), lies near 4,600-foot-high Chinameca volcano, with a crater over a mile in diameter. The bottom of the crater is called Payacal Lake, although actually it is not a lake but a very fertile piece of cultivated land.

Neither city is likely to be rebuilt on its old location, but there is no doubt that the indomitable Salvadoreans will create new and more beautiful cities. Because, as the poet says, "in the titanic struggle against misfortune, these men of faith have defied nature to such an extent that their houses stand proudly on the very skirts of the raging volcano."



# alias

## Dr. ATL

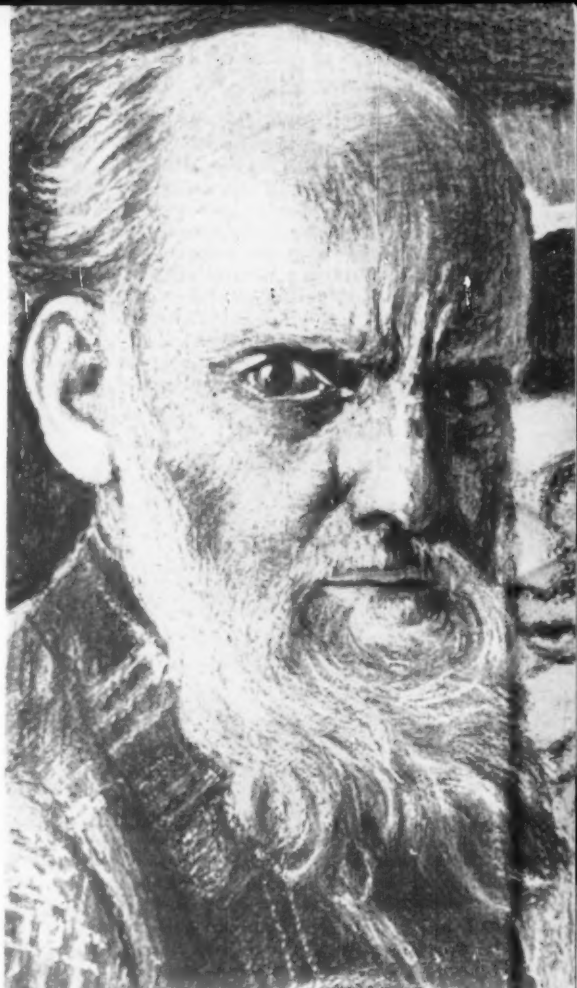
Alice Raine

"Now I WILL TELL YOU a story of a patriarchal old man with a long white beard who had a special affinity for dogs of all kinds, but especially the mutts who live in the Indian villages and furiously attack every stranger. This old man could go wherever it pleased him to go, through all the villages, along the slopes of the volcanoes, and all the dogs would come running up to him, wagging their tails in friendly greeting. The old man thought he must have a special dog's soul, for his human friends even liked to call him *pata de perro* (dog's paw) because he wandered about so much.

"But one day all that changed. As he was leaving the village to climb one of his dear mountains all the dogs rushed at him and would have torn him to pieces if he had not defended himself with kicks and sticks. The spell was broken. A few days later, surrounded only by the grandiose loneliness of the heights, the old man's thoughts were rudely interrupted by a dog's sharp bark and the high voice of a child crying out: 'Oh, Father, our Father, who art in Heaven, wait for us and bless us!'

"A dark little Indian boy, clad in once-white trousers, his shoulders covered by a small sarape, came panting after him, preceded by a nondescript but furiously bark-

*Dr. Atl pictures Paricutin Volcano in full fury. Oil, 1944*



*Self-portrait of Gerardo Murillo, who signs himself Dr. Atl*

ing puppy. The boy fell to the ground before the old man and lifted his folded hands up to him, begging him to give 'His' blessing for his family, his crops, his dog.

"The old man thought this mistake in identity was not really surprising—to the little Indian he probably looked like the Almighty Himself—but he shook his head and turned away. The boy pressed his puppy against his cheek murmuring: 'Be quiet, Nerón, be quiet, don't you see that this is the Eternal Father?' And he turned beseeching eyes on the old man.

"The old man wanted to laugh, but he was restrained by those serious dark eyes. Strange and unexpected roles are sometimes thrust upon us in life, he thought. And, lifting his hand in the sign of the cross, he blessed the child.

"But the puppy, unimpressed and as if possessed by the devil himself, continued to bark furiously at the 'Eternal Father.'"



Dr. Atl of Mexico smiled and leaned back against the wall behind the sarape-covered bed in his studio. The venerable painter *par excellence* of Mexico's valleys, mountains, and volcanoes likes to tell stories about himself. Perhaps more than anyone else, he has deliberately contributed to the legend that surrounds him. Even the Aztec name by which he is known was assumed, to emphasize his kinship with the Indians.

Though slight and frail, Dr. Atl somehow gives the impression of enormous vitality. The leathery toughness of his skin is a reminder of the days and nights he has spent in Mexico's rough mountain climes. Most of his



In one of his more social moments, Dr. Atl calls on President Alemán (right) and Presidential Secretary Rogelio de la Selva. Dr. Atl's hair has been burned away by age, sun, and lava dust, but his finely chiselled face is framed by a magnificent beard, almost white now, brushed and curried to a silkiness that contrasts sharply with the dark tweeds he usually wears. His large, dark eyes burn with a fierce flame that belies these signs of age and startles even the casual observer. In Mexico it is trite to say that Dr. Atl has become one with his volcanoes, but for those who do not know this extraordinary man it is still the most accurate comparison.

Recently this beloved painter endeared himself even more to his compatriots by giving all his work on the Parícutin volcano to the nation. Parícutin broke through the earth on February 20, 1943; it grew rapidly, burying the nearby villages of Parícutin and San Juan. Now quite a respectable volcano, it thrills thousands of visitors with its sudden growlings and explosions. Midwife, nurse, and companion of this phenomenon was Dr. Atl. His work on Parícutin alone consists of 130 drawings and eleven paintings. Apart from its artistic merit, it is a unique contribution to volcanology; here for the first time one man, combining poetry with technical and scientific knowledge, presents the birth and growth of a volcano. Dr. Atl has also kept a careful diary of three hundred pages that describes the year-by-year, day-by-day, some-



Another Atl-record of Parícutin: The young volcano belches forth smoke on a chill afternoon

times even hour-by-hour development of Parícutin. Last December, at the time of the presentation of his work to the government, *Como Nace y Crece un Volcán* (How a Volcano is Born and Grows) was published under his byline. A beautiful book of 152 pages with 170 black-and-white drawings, it gives an excellent idea of the originals for those unable to admire the exhibition in Mexico.

Dr. Atl is now seventy-six years old—more or less, for the facts of his life are somewhat obscure and much-debated. When queried about his past, he embroiders as he goes along, ignoring any direct question about some of the now-unpopular political beliefs he professed at various periods during his life. He will plunge enthusiastically into fantastic tales of his volcanoes, leaving you to decide what is real and what is a figment of his brilliant imagination. Years are slurred over, forgotten; anecdotes you believed were apocryphal turn out to have been real. But always the mysterious white stranger, living with his friends the Indians or alone in a little *chacra* high at the edge of a crater, drawing, sketching, painting, and writing, remains the one, undeniable reality.

Presumably, Dr. Atl was born Gerardo Murillo in Guadalajara and spent most of his youth in this city that has given Mexico so many of its great men. He came from a good middle-class family. His father, a doctor of chemistry, received a gold medal at the Paris International Exhibition of 1889 for his pioneer work in industrial chemistry. Undoubtedly, this background of vials and test tubes encouraged Dr. Atl's experiments with colors, for which his paintings are noted. For a while the family lived in Aguascalientes, where the boy used to filch candy from his father's drugstore counter to regale his friends. Later the Murillos moved to San Luis Potosí, where Dr. Atl attended the Jesuit College.

Though he paints with the understanding and devotion of a Turner or a Monet, Dr. Atl did not take up painting until comparatively late in life. Like most young men of fairly well-to-do families, he went to Europe to study—Paris first, then Rome. There, besides working on his doctorate, he painted two murals and made headlines on the day of his arrival by bathing in one of Rome's lovely fountains, carried away by his enthusiasm for their classic beauty. As soon as he heard of the Revolution brewing in Mexico, he hurried home. A friend of

Jaurès and other European socialists, he was ready to rouse his countrymen with passionate phrases and helped form as he says, "regiments of workers, women, dogs, and parrots."

About this time he developed an eye disease that could be cured only by his living in the cleanest, coldest atmosphere outside a test tube. It was then that he moved to the last hamlet high on the slopes of Popocatepetl, a tiny conglomeration of huts called Tlamacas. In this limpid, sun-drenched atmosphere he developed an absorbing interest in mountains and volcanoes.

Dr. Atl's studio and apartment, on the third floor of an ugly building in an unsightly section of beautiful Mexico City—the street is appropriately called *Niño Perdido* (Lost Child)—could not be barer. The painter likes a good strong drink and he likes his pipe. While we talked he munched happily on some homemade marzipan that his close friend, María Luisa Sandoval-Vallarta, wife of the famous physicist Manuel, had brought along. But despite his affinity for the good things in life, "ascetic" is the adjective most often applied to him—one that does not usually fit Mexican artists.

By now, Dr. Atl should welcome a few creature comforts. Long ago he developed phlebitis in his leg, complicated by gangrene in his foot. Believing that "mind is above body," he never took care of it, and after long exposure to the cold of high altitudes, to the heat of the volcanic lava streams, poisonous gases, ashes, and dust, and even to malnutrition, it finally had to be amputated.

That his right trouser leg is pinned up as high as it goes does not bother him except that he cannot get up as quickly as he would like to, especially for the ladies, who have played an important part in his life even though (or perhaps because) he never married. Dr. Atl makes jokes about his "one paw," invents stories about the one-legged old man, and is delighted when these tales find their way back to him, brought by some friend who has "just heard" someone tell one. During the weeks at the hospital when doctors, newspapers, and friends often gave him up, he never despaired. Once, a few hours after he emerged from an anesthetic, his old friend the poet Enrique González Martínez came to call but was not per-

mitted to enter the room. "Let him in, let him in," Dr. Atl insisted. "If I don't see him now, he may die before he gets another chance to visit me."

In 1943, Dr. Atl rushed to Michoacán, fascinated by the news of the volcano a-borning. Two Indian friends helped him build a sort of breastwork of branches and tree trunks beyond his little hut, as close as possible to the volcano. Then they returned to their village, leaving him alone. He stayed, off and on, for most of the next eight years, sometimes for a whole year at a time. Once he had to be carried back to Mexico, so weak had he become from constant exposure and lack of food. Had he returned immediately when gangrene set in, he might have saved his leg, but he never took time to think about himself.

Dr. Atl's diary, part of which is incorporated in *Como Nace y Crece*, describes his experience:

"... As the sun began to set, the wind blew strongly from the north and the column of smoke, pushed toward where I was standing, began its rain of projectiles, quickly covering the barricade of tree trunks with great smoking stones. Since it was very cloudy and sand poured down abundantly, the landscape became invisible; so I went to sleep early in my refuge. . . .

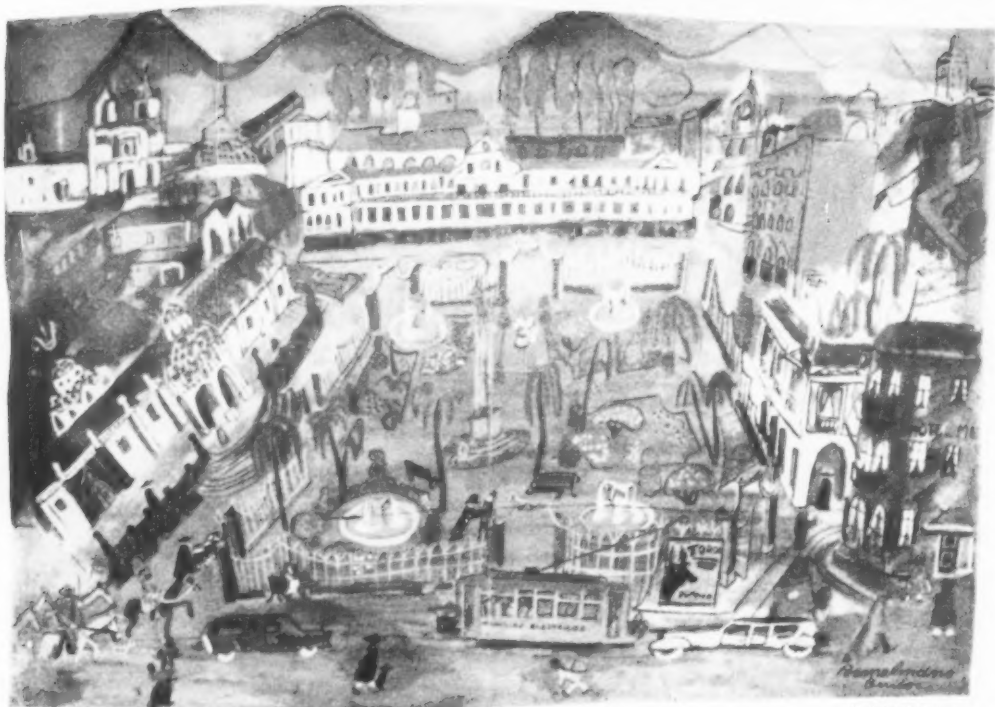
"Splendid sunrise. The sun illuminates the tragedy of the landscape. From this southern side the volcano seems more somber, more gloomy, but there is no cemetery of tree trunks around it. The winds, constantly changing, whirl the column of smoke. As it crosses my camp it covers everything with sand and pieces of rock, many the size of footballs. . . .

"It began to grow dark. The sky clouded over and, standing behind the sheltering fence, I waited for something to happen. Suddenly a violent wave of air knocked me to the ground. An enormous piece of slag passed over my head and buried itself nearby, with a shock that made the earth shake violently. The lava slag, when it falls, has a temperature of approximately 900 degrees on the outer surface. . . . As I returned step by step to my little camp, very slowly, admiring the volcano, . . . the earth shook again and suddenly from the base of the

(Continued on page 44)

The painter made his own "Atl colors" for this view of a bright morning in the Valley of Mexico (1947)





*Lighthearted view of Plaza de la Independencia, Quito, by Ludwig Bemelmans*

*As sketched for Vogue  
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FLYING HIGH INTO QUITO, the capital of Ecuador, through soft, fleecy clouds above Shangri-la-like mountain passes, you may notice the wings of your airliner dip a little and feel a slight bump as though you were hitting an air-pocket. This is the pilot's signal to his passengers that they are crossing the equator, for which the country is named. Then the glittering Douglas slips into the Mariscal Sucre airdrome, set in a valley between rocky mountain slopes where neat farm plots stretch as far as the eye can see. When you step out in the bright, warm sunlight and find a horizon of snow-capped peaks, you know you are in one of the most fabulous lands on earth. Everywhere you look, the scenery is incredible, not quite real, like Switzerland. The distinctive quality of Ecuador—the personality that sets it apart from every other Latin American country—is at once apparent.

# LAND ON THE EQUATOR



*Guayaquil, Ecuador's number one port  
and largest city, ships rice, cacao,  
coffee, "Panama" hats*

It is a divided land, divided by the mountain ranges that serve it as backbone. Like bone, the people who live in the highlands are hard and austere, differing in manner, disposition, language, even in physical characteristics from the softer, easier-going coastal dwellers clustered about Guayaquil.

The gargantuan Andes thin out through Ecuador in their mighty sprawl from Tierra del Fuego to the Caribbean. For 350 miles, two parallel mountain ranges traverse the country from north to south. At places, their seven- to ten-thousand-foot-high ridges crisscross to form basins found the length and breadth of the republic. In the highlands, the farming is poor, although every possible inch of soil is under cultivation. Here corn, wheat, and potatoes grow grudgingly. Life is hard, not to be taken lightly, and the climate is on the cold to cool side all year.

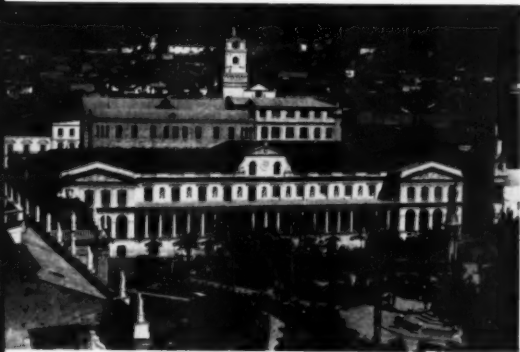
Chimborazo's hefty nose pushes through clouds up to 20,700 feet, one of the loftiest peaks in the Hemisphere. To the north, the highest active volcano in the world, nimbus-wreathed Cotopaxi, sits brooding, aloof. In their shadow move two million people, largely grave of mien (with the noteworthy exception of big-city *quiteños*, a race apart), their words and actions as sparse as the oxygen. Nevertheless, they have great charm. The *serranos* feel themselves the Ecuadoreans of tradition, culture, and history. What glory the country has achieved they trace back to their ancestors, the Incas. Conservative, impassive,

and friendships are easy. Their land is rich and easily farmed, a treasurehouse of rice, cacao, and bananas. There Ecuador is linked to the outside world by ships. Most of the country's income is earned there, and the taxes are higher.

It is said that every country has its south; Ecuador has its north. The fact that the Guayaquil region has to carry a disproportionate burden in maintaining the nation's economy partly explains the fierce rivalry between *costeño* and *serrano*.

Quito is the hub of the universe for Ecuadoreans everywhere from jungle to mountain slope. Antedating the Spanish settlement by hundreds of years, it is the oldest city in the New World. Its population numbers some 150,000, and its Moorish sections are reminiscent of North Africa. The city resounds with bells and the weird flutings of the panpipe. Taken peaceably for the Spaniards by Sebastián de Belalcázar in 1533, Quito is only sixteen miles by road south of the equator, which is marked by an impressive column, set amid cactus plants, commemorating the French scientific commission that arrived in Ecuador in 1736 to measure the land covered by three degrees along the meridian and thus form a more exact idea of the shape and size of the earth.

Quito streets are filled with priests, black-shawled women, and urchins running to and from the churches, which are crammed from nave to altar with gold and statuary; their walls are the whole tableau of the baroque in art. Everyone, foreign and native, loves the place. "We are close to heaven here," the people say, "and in heaven there is a little hole that looks through to Quito." Foremost among the religious buildings are the Church of San Francisco, built with contributions



Government Palace, on Plaza Independencia, is literally and figuratively the heart of the capital

sive, somber, lean of figure and short of stature, they literally, as well as figuratively, look down on the rest of the country beneath them on both sides of the Andes.

On the coast, lies another world, the modern world of big business and commercial excitement. There a million people live, and the pace is swift. Today is important; yesterday is hardly worth caring about; tomorrow will take care of itself. The *costeños* look ahead, and the only reason they might look up at Quito is that some of their representatives are carrying their ball in the Senate up there. On the coast are the tall people and the fat people. They drink wine and are gay. Despite the hot, humid climate the year round, the people sparkle,



Woodcarver shapes religious figure in colonial Cuenca. Unfinished cathedral there will be largest in Latin America

from Carlos V, with its elaborate gold altar and thousands of burning tapers; and the Church of La Compañía de Jesús, one of the finest examples of rococo architecture in the world, containing a fortune in gold ornamentation. Churches are as much a part of Quito life as stocks and bonds to Wall Street. Services go on all day. No sooner



is one over than another begins. Litanies are sung, sermons are delivered, and adorations are offered from dawn to dusk.

Since the Spaniards took over, Quito has grown enormously. Still, the architecture that gives it its personality is nearly four centuries old. The modern apartments and building developments have scarcely affected the air of antiquity that hangs over Quito like the fragrance of honeysuckle on a warm spring night. The poorer sections of town resound with soft guitar music and boast color and design. All houses, humble and rich, have old tile roofs and patios where chickens run and palms and tangerine trees grow. What is modern in Quito seems like an entirely unforgivable intrusion.

The center of the city is the green, palm-fringed Plaza de la Independencia. On one side is the Cathedral, on another the Palace of the Archbishop; the square is completed by the big Government Palace—the President's headquarters—and the Municipal Palace—the mayor's offices. Nearby are the comfortable, low-priced (for U.S. citizens) hotels and theaters. Here the aristocratic *quiteños* gather to carry on their prosperous businesses, to fill important government posts, and maintain their nation.

Ecuadorian aristocrats are an urbane lot. They run their estates on a feudal basis, go abroad to the Riviera to rest or to London to buy their clothes. Long Island and El Morocco are as familiar to them as the beach at Salinas and the bar at the Bobby Astor. Those who have managed to keep their money live as pretentiously as their Spanish forebears, but their numbers are few and fading year by year.

The citizen you find everywhere on the sierra is the Indian. He scuttles through the streets of every town carrying his eternal burden; he lounges on the corners; he sleeps at noon on the bare floor of his humble shack. He rides the buses with his family, a load of chickens, and a pack of dogs. He is Ecuador's greatest problem and its strongest support. For all the legends that he is a negative quantity in the country's life, it is the slow, ignorant, inefficient Indian who tills the soil, digs the mines, cuts the trees, and does all the back-breaking labor on which the national economy depends.

*In heart of wool district, ancient Otavalo is jammed for handwoven textiles. Saturday market*



*Stately cloister of seventeenth-century La Merced monastery, Quito*

Four hours north of Quito by rail is Otavalo, a clean, prosperous little town noted for its colorful Indian community. The Indians of Otavalo own their land and their homes; they plow with wooden implements, weave beautiful rugs and ponchos, raise livestock and crops, and market them in town on Saturday. Unlike other Indians of the region, they are gay and laugh easily, wear vari-colored ponchos instead of the ubiquitous red. The men, who are stocky and barely five feet tall, braid their hair in black pigtails. The women are even shorter. All wear curious, heavy (about 5 lbs.) hats with derby-shaped crowns and big brims turned up all around. Their linens are spotless, and they walk, sit, and stand with exquisite grace.

At their Saturday market, they sit with incredible dignity in row upon long row with their bare feet in the gutter. Their important wares are usually sold by eight

*Cacao beans are sun-dried in Guayaquil street. To prevent damage, a soft wood shovel is used to turn them*





in the morning and the market is generally over by noon, when half of them get drunk. The other half remain sober in order to guide the celebrants home, knowing full well their turn will come next week. You see them singing and laughing in long queues along the roads leading from town, beaming majestically as their children dance about them.

The most concrete, if not the strongest, link between mountains and coast is the Guayaquil-Quito Railway that

up impossible slopes, through impassable hills and impenetrable jungle to the capital.

The railway ticket office is somewhat vague about the true nature of the accommodations. If you want to see scenery, it is advisable to specify, in addition to your first-class ticket, that you want one of the six genuine mahogany, cuspidor-equipped armchairs that are available in the rear section of the last car of the train, called the observation car. Here you can loll in



*La Compañía church, Quito's most ornate. Interior, as elaborate as its exterior, is almost completely covered with gold leaf*

takes seventeen hours to accomplish what the airplane does in an hour. Unless you have traveled over it, however, you have not seen Ecuador. The daily express is a toylike affair. Manufactured by the Baldwin locomotive works in Philadelphia, the tiny engine draws curious, baroque little wooden cars over an unbelievable track laid down in 1897 with the engineering skill of a Virginian, Archer Harman, and the financial backing of General Eloy Alfaro. Fighting fever and revolution, at terrific cost of human life and labor, the two men rammed, twisted, and hairpinned their column of steel 281 miles from Durán, across the river from Guayaquil

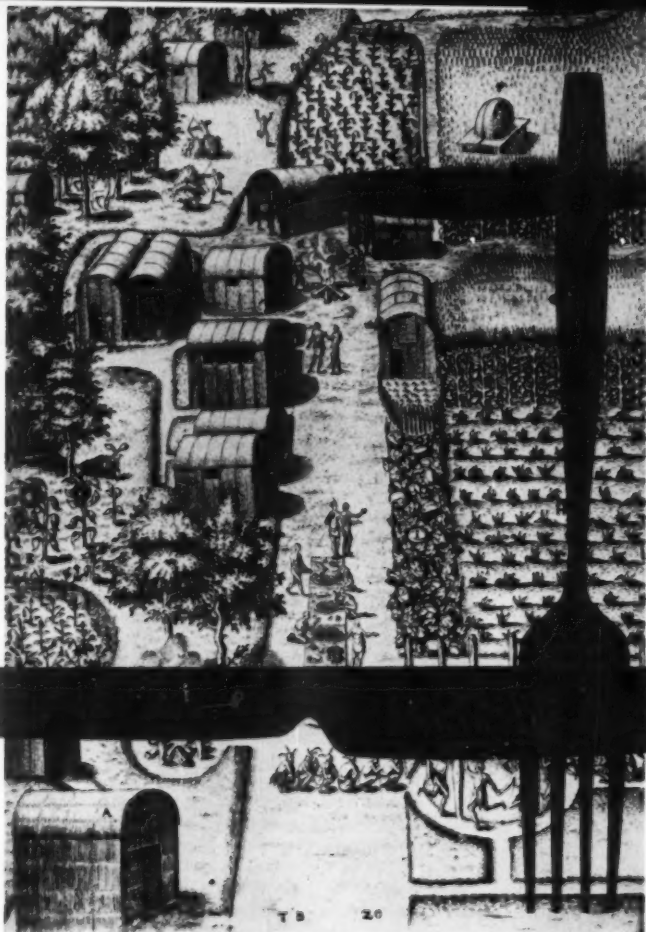


*President Gato Plaza believes in mechanizing agriculture, sets a good example on his own land*

your chair and watch the country unfold. Starting from Quito early in the morning, you run out along the sierra over a route marked by roads, fields, and pastures bordered with eucalyptus trees beneath a bright blue sky and sparkling sun. Suddenly, the train plunges over the top of a hill in its descent to the sea. It passes various stations where the Indians eat in portable restaurants set up beside the cars or simply gather in small, silent groups. At Riobamba, the train chuffs and pants through the city's main street throwing off cinders in the manner of the fast freights that scream through Crewe, for the mood aboard is that of a British express. From here, it zigs, zags, and shags steeply down over the Devil's Nose to Huigra, where the least interesting part of the journey begins. Into Durán, the terminal across the vast and muddy Guayas from Guayaquil, the line traverses banana and cacao country, coffee, rice, and tobacco fields. But you won't see much of this unless there is a moon, for by now it is night.

Night is a good time to arrive in Guayaquil, for by day it looks faded, shabby, and unkempt. Larger than Quito, Guayaquil is home for 180,000 people. Since its founding in 1535, it has been destroyed by fire so often that its firemen are considered among its leading citizens. It has few structures over seventy-five years old, but its couple of dozen concrete office and apartment buildings are the most modern in the country. Its best hotel has a swimming pool on the roof, an air-conditioned dining room, and open stair- and hallways that afford cool ventilation at all times. Guayaquil architecture is characterized by high ceilings and second floors projecting

*(Continued on page 46)*



# AMERICAN table d'hôte

Clifford Evans, Jr.,\* and  
Betty J. Meggers

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the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.

Food for the world's table that is strictly American: De Bry engraving of Virginia Indian settlement called Secata shows fields of tobacco (planted patch at top) and corn (right). From Steian Loran's *The New World* (Duell, Sloan, and Pearce)

WHEN WE SIT DOWN to a good meal anywhere in the world that includes white potatoes, corn, lima or string beans, chocolate, and pineapple, then light up a smoke, we take it for granted that they were always known to our European ancestors. Don't we speak of the white potato as "Irish"? Isn't the best tobacco grown in Turkey? Don't pineapples come from the Hawaiian Islands? But if we look further, we will discover that these plants were introduced into Ireland, Turkey, and Hawaii from the Americas.

To explain the exact botanical origin of the various plants, where they were first domesticated, and the routes of movement and transfer from one region to another within North, Central, and South America, would require a voluminous scientific tome. Plant geneticists, ethnobotanists, and anthropologists are continually filling in new details of the fascinating saga of plant origins and their role in man's culture. However, in most cases the fact of New World origin is well established not only from archeological evidence and genetic studies, but also from the remarks of the first European explorers who described the strange new foods to their friends at home.

Commonplace to the Indians of the New World, but entirely new to the Europeans when they arrived in the decades after 1492, were white potatoes, sweet potatoes, maize, popcorn, pineapples, peanuts, beans of all kinds, squash, avocados, tomatoes, peppers, chocolate (cacao), manioc, tobacco, rubber, and a long list of other useful plants.

What evidence have we that the "Irish" potato is not "Irish" but Peruvian? Both archeology and the Spanish chroniclers prove the point. Although Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh are sometimes given credit for the discovery of the white potato (*Solanum tuberosum*),

the early Spanish explorers and conquerors of Peru were the ones who carried it back to Europe, after being much impressed with the way the Incas used these *papas*. Cieza de León, in his *Crónica del Perú*, in 1553 told how the natives of the Peruvian highlands had extensive cultivated fields for raising "their principal sustenance [which] is potatoes, which are like truffles. . . . These they dry in the sun and keep from one harvest to another. And they call this potato, after it is dried, *chuno*; and among them it is highly esteemed. . . ."

Archeological evidence traces the potato's origin back even earlier than the Inca Empire (circa 1300-1532). We see the tuber with its exact shape and characteristic eyes accurately modeled in ceramics of the Mochica (circa 800 A.D.) and Chimu (circa 1000 A.D.) cultures.

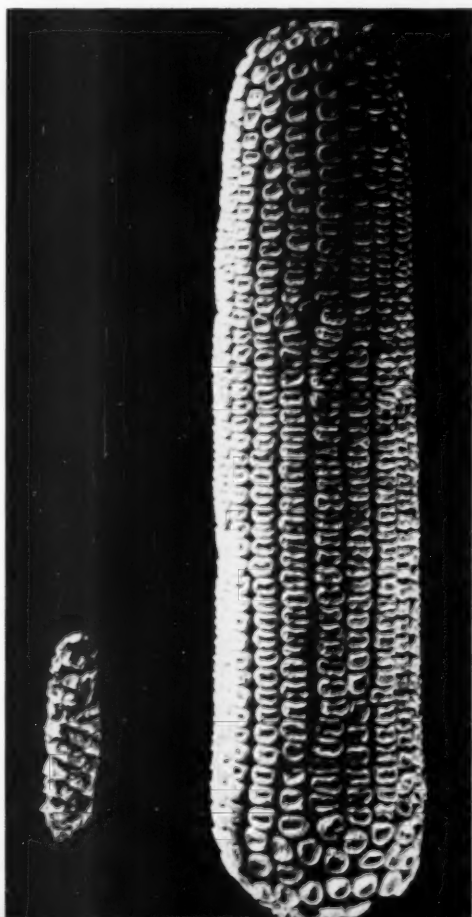
Just when the potato was carried from Peru to the Iberian Peninsula is unknown, but by 1560 it was common in Spain. Thence it was taken to northern Italy by Carmelite monks in 1600. It is said to have been introduced into Ireland by 1590. In 1619 it was served at the table of the King of England. Peculiar as it may seem, the British introduced the potato into Bermuda around 1613, and from there it found its way to the Virginia Colony of North America in 1621. But not until 1719 did Irish immigrants bring large quantities of potatoes with them direct to New Hampshire. So with the English introducing it to North America, the Dutch carrying the plant to their colonies in the northern part of South America, and the Spanish originally discovering the potato as a domesticated plant of the Peruvian Indians, small wonder that so many legends have obscured the origin of this American food plant.

Not so confusing are the histories of some of the other food plants found in America by the European explorers and more quickly accepted on the Continent. Maize (*Zea mays*) and popcorn were staple foods of the Indians of North, Central, and South America. The high cultures of the Aztecs of Mexico, the Maya of Yucatán, the Coastal Incas of Peru, the prehistoric Basketmakers and Pueblos of the southwestern United States, the early mound cultures of southeastern United States, and the sedentary agriculturists of the major river drainages of North America all used maize as one of their principal foods. Fortunately, the dry climates of the American Southwest and Peru have so well preserved the actual food remains in prehistoric graves that thousands of samples of ancient corn have been obtained and extensively studied by plant geneticists and ethnobotanists. In addition, chroniclers' accounts testify to the presence of this new plant, which they compared to European wheat.

One of the earliest printed references to maize appears in the *Decades of Peter Martyr*, said to have been first printed in 1551 in Latin and translated into English by Richard Eden in 1555. Dealing with what Columbus found in the West Indies he wrote: "They make also an other kynde of breade of a certayne pulse called *Panicum*, much lyke unto wheate, whereof is great plentie in the dukedom of Mylane, Spayne, and Granatum. But that of this country is longer by a spanne, somewhat sharpe

towarde the ende, and as bygge as a mannes arme in the brawne: The graynes whereof are sette in a marvelous order, and are in fourme somewhat lyke a pease. While they be soure and unripe, they are white: but when they are ripe they be very blacke. When they are broken, they be whyter than snowe. This kynde of grayne, they call *Maizium*."

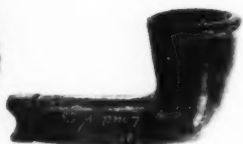
Many of the details are still to be worked out before the ancestry of domesticated corn, its place of origin as a cultivated plant, and the routes by which it spread throughout the Americas in pre-Columbian times can be stated with certainty. The earliest known examples are recent finds at Huaca Prieta in the Chicama Valley along the North Coast of Peru and at Bat Cave, New Mexico. At both sites, the corn ears are short and stubby, about the size of one's finger. By the new Carbon-14 method of estimating age, based on radioactivity, this domesticated corn from Peru is dated 2,600-2,800 years ago and the Bat Cave samples 3,000-4,000 years. As the peoples of various cultures and in extremely different climatic zones consciously crossbred and improved their plant stock, the cob and kernels became larger. Evidence



One of oldest ears of corn (left) dating from about 2600 B.C., shown with modern dent variety



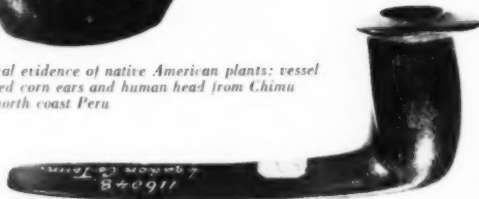
*Archeological evidence of native American plants: vessel with modeled corn ears and human head from Chimú culture of north coast Peru*



*Stone pipe carved in shape of bird with mouthpiece in the tail feathers. From Tennessee*



*Elbow pipes of stone, Pre-European, Tennessee*



*Potato is motif for ancient vessel from Mochica grave (left) and small Chimú jar, north coast, Peru*



*Mochica stirrup-spout vessel, decorated with peanuts, from north coast of Peru*

of this progress is found in ceramic vessels of the Chimú Period, as well as actual plant remains from graves in Peru, Mexico, and various sites in the southwestern United States.

Peculiar as it may seem to the modern farmer, so consciously dependent upon special hybrid varieties of corn developed to increase the yield per stalk, the botanists tell us that all the chief types of corn known today were developed by the Indians of North and South America. At the time of the Spaniards' arrival in the New World in the late fifteenth century, the Indians of the Western Hemisphere were cultivating at least seven

hundred different varieties. The various types so important in our modern agricultural economy—sweet, flour, dent, flint, and pop—were all known and widely cultivated by the Indians hundreds of years before the entrance of Europeans upon the scene.

While other foodstuffs have become such an important staple of the Europeans' diet that their extensive aboriginal American usage is unknown and unsuspected by the average person, popcorn and peanuts still seem to be regarded as typically American. What is more American than the bag of popcorn at the movies or peanuts at the ball game? To modern Americans they are delicacies;

to the American Indians they were basic food, often with ceremonial significance. Popped kernels have come from ancient Peruvian graves and are found in museum collections. Sahagún, the famous chronicler of the Aztecs, mentions that these Indians not only used popcorn (called *maíz reventador*) as food, but also used strings of popcorn to decorate idols like that of *Tlaloc*, who in varying aspects was the god of rain, fertility, and maize. Even today, the Indians of the back country of Mexico and Ecuador use popcorn as a very important item in their diet.

Peanuts (*Arachis hypogaea*), so important to the agricultural economy of the southern United States today, were extensively grown by the Indians of pre-Conquest Peru. Grave offerings frequently contain quantities of them, and the Mochica Indians realistically modeled them on their pottery. In spite of the extensive distribution of the peanut throughout Peru, some authorities believe that this plant was first cultivated in the tropical forests of Brazil. Some of the most primitive forms are still found among the Nambicuara of Mato Grosso, and chroniclers mention the peanut as an important food plant of certain Tupi tribes in Brazil.

While our archeological and historical evidence associates these important native food plants with the more advanced Indian cultures of Peru, Mexico, and the U.S. Southwest, there were some edible plants that originated and were cultivated by the native populations of the New World in more primitive tropical regions. To most North Americans the name manioc would mean little or nothing, yet a derivative of this plant, tapioca, is a common U.S. dessert. To the Indians of the Caribbean and the Amazon basin, manioc (*Manihot utilissima*) was a basic food plant, as the discoverers found in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. Today it is such an important element in the diet of the Brazilian interior that *caboclos* along the Amazon will often prefer to go hungry rather than make a meal of fish, meat, or even fruit without *farinha* to accompany it.

Another tropical plant, the pineapple, familiar to North Americans as a canned import from Hawaii, also has an equatorial American origin. The native plant list could be extended (for example, avocado, cashew, papaya, peppers, sweet potato, coca), but we are concerned not with all plants originally used by the Indians of the Americas, but only with those that later became important foods in other parts of the world.

Perhaps the edible seeds most extensively cultivated in all the native civilizations of the New World were the legumes; the jack, lima, tepary, kidney, navy, and string beans. Each bean was popular in certain areas of the New World, the group's range extending from the limits of agriculture in North America throughout Mexico and Central America into most regions of South America. Wherever aboriginal Indian cultures reached a high level of development in the New World, one of the beans was always a primary food item. The bean's importance in the Indian cultures of Peru, Mexico, and the U.S. Southwest is shown by the archeological findings that beans were placed in graves as food offerings to the

dead, along with corn and other plants.

Chocolate is so American in origin, it is appropriate that it has acquired a major role in our candy, sweets, desserts, and even drinks. The cacao tree, source of chocolate, is native to the tropical forest regions of the New World. One of the basic drinks of the Aztecs was made from it; in fact, the name comes directly from an old Aztec word, *chocolatl*. Bernal Díaz del Castillo's account of the meal laid before the Aztec king, Moctezuma, shows how chocolate was used: "They brought him fruit of all the different kinds that the land produced, but he ate very little, and from time to time they brought him, in cup-shaped vessels of pure gold, a certain drink made from cacao, which they said would make them more attractive to women. . . . I saw them bring more than fifty large jars of good cacao with its froth of which he drank, and the women served it to him with great respect."

The native American plant from which we derive one of our most common habits is tobacco. Tobacco chewing, using snuff, and tobacco smoking were unknown to Europeans until they met the American Indians. Although some claim another origin for tobacco, the more careful investigations tend to confirm the absence of any of the species of tobacco used for chewing, snuffing, or smoking outside the American continent before 1492 A.D. Among the various species of tobaccos used by the natives of the New World, *Nicotiana tabacum* was the most widespread. It was the kind first observed by Columbus and his men upon their arrival in the Caribbean and later discovered by other Spanish explorers in the Orinoco valley, lowland Brazil, most of northern South America, Central America, and parts of Mexico. Another variety, *Nicotiana rustica*, was commonly cultivated on the Mexican plateau and in eastern North America. To a person accustomed to dating tobacco back to the early days of European court society, it is indeed a discovery to find that all its uses stem directly from Indian customs.

The rolling of crushed tobacco leaves inside a large leaf to make a cigar is borrowed from the Indians of the Caribbean area and lowland South America. Fortunately, the Indians using pipes made them of pottery or stone, so they were preserved as archeological evidence supplementing the historical records of the old and extensive distribution of pipe-smoking. However, while we indulge in the habit for pleasure, there is reliable anthropological information to suggest that among the Indians smoking had more ceremonial significance and was limited to special occasions, rituals, and magic practices. Some pipes were tubular and resembled what we know as cigar holders, with the pipe smoked by holding it upward, but today's standard elbow pipe is nothing more than a modified copy of American Indian pipes, which varied in shape from simple, plain ones to elaborately carved totemic animals and birds.

As with these food and pleasure products, many other items in our culture today, thought to be European in origin, are actually American. Not North, South, or Central American, but the native heritage of all the Americas.





# ticket to Central America

Francisco J. Hernández

CLOSE THE GAP in the northern Guatemala section of the Pan American Highway and watch the tourist industry flourish in Central America! This was obviously the underlying thought in the week-long deliberations of the First Travel Congress of Mexico, Central America, and Panama held recently in Mexico City under the sponsorship of the Mexican *Dirección Nacional de Turismo* and with the personal blessing of President Miguel Alemán. The impact of mass travel on the economic, social, and even political conditions of Central America and Panama came in for serious consideration by the 140 delegates and fourteen observers present.

No better place could have been found for practical observation than Mexico itself, with its almost unbelievable progress in the brief span of eleven years and where the steadily increasing income from tourist travel—expected to reach two hundred million dollars in 1951—places this among the country's top industries. The factors that have contributed to its success—modern hotels, improved communication and transportation, development of mountain and seaside resorts, government supervision with emphasis on protection of the visitor, promotion and publicity programs, and so on—were all there for the delegates to see and analyze.

The regional approach to problems common to a group of Western Hemisphere countries, to supplement the

necessary over-all organization and continental collective action, had been suggested by the Third Inter-American Travel Congress at San Carlos de Bariloche, Argentina, in 1949. The Pan American Union, for its part, has been promoting such a course of action ever since its Travel Division was established in 1933.

With completion of the missing links in the Pan American Highway south of Mexico, the development of sizeable currents of travel to the Central American countries and Panama would undoubtedly become a reality. Estimates vary as to the number of private automobiles out of the more than fifty thousand that reach central Mexico every year that will venture into the land of the Quichés and other points below the Suchiate River. The fact that close to a thousand are now using the flat-car service provided by the National Railways of Mexico to bridge the northern Guatemala gap, with all the difficulties involved, may be an indication of what will happen once the road has been opened over the rough and difficult terrain between Ciudad Cuauhtémoc (El Ocotal) and Colotenango.

The opening of this particular section to motor traffic is still far off, with present indications pointing to late 1952 or early 1953. But the countries directly concerned do not feel that it is too soon to lay plans for the sound development of travel in the area, urging the establish-



ment of efficient organizations and the improvement of tourist facilities wherever needed. It is recognized that the airlines are already doing a magnificent job and are capable and willing to expand their services as the situation requires. The steamship services will no doubt do likewise.

The Palace of Fine Arts of Mexico City furnished a most appropriate setting for the opening session, where Interior Minister Adolfo Ruiz Cortines delivered the formal inaugural declaration on behalf of the Mexican President. Among other high officials present were the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Manuel J. Tello, just returned from the Fourth Meeting of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs held in Washington, D.C.; the former Minister of National Economy, Antonio Ruiz Galindo; Senator Adolfo López Mateos; Congressman Mario Romero Lopetegui; Ricardo Estrada Berg, Managing Director of the Mexican Tourist Association; and the National Director of Tourist Travel, Dr. Francisco del Río Cañedo, who was unanimously elected permanent chairman of the Congress. In addition to the delegates sent by Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama, and official observers from the United States, Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Canada, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Argentina, Brazil, and the Pan American Union, there were representatives of private interests comprising a cross-section of the travel industry in Mexico.

*Folklore show staged by Mexican Association of Travel Agencies greeted congress delegates in Hotel del Prado lobby*



*Travel experts try being tourists on excursion to Cuernavaca. Morelos state legislature meets in old Palace of Cortés*



*Author "Paco" Hernández, chief of PAU Travel Division (standing, center), speaks at luncheon given by National Railways of Mexico*

The formal addresses stressed the role of tourist travel in fostering inter-American amity and understanding. "Tourism should not be measured only by the economic benefits that can be obtained through its development in the Americas," said Dr. del Río y Cañedo, "but should be stimulated in an effort to strengthen continental unity as a guarantee of permanent peace in this Hemisphere and to set an example for the rest of the world."

Plunging into the tasks assigned by an agenda embracing sixteen specific topics, three main committees studied numerous draft resolutions and recommendations grouped under the respective headings of "governmental," "private," and "joint" action. Lively debates characterized the sessions, but on the whole there was prompt general agreement on fundamental questions. It was unanimously resolved, for instance, to establish a permanent committee, with headquarters in Mexico City, which would plan and coordinate the promotion of travel to the area, with a joint advertising campaign as one of its outstanding projects. To streamline border-crossing requirements, the Congress favored a simple tourist card of the same model for all seven countries, good for any number of trips during the term of its validity. Another important proposal urged the establishment of a *Banco de Turismo*, a special bank to help finance construction or improvement of hotels and other tourist facilities. This, of course, would be separate from the financial

*(Continued on page 47)*



*Matamoras, Mexico, school children march in Brownsville parade, across the river. Girls wear Otomi Indian costume*

# charro days

**Clara Lilly Ely**

ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE and colorful international celebrations in the Hemisphere is the pre-Lenten Charro Days fiesta held in Brownsville, Texas, and Matamoras, Tamaulipas, Mexico, each year. Started in 1933 as a Brownsville civic project, the celebration has fanned out to include participants from all over the Rio Grande Valley.

The valley's five hundred thousand people live in a narrow strip of fertile delta eighty miles wide by a hundred miles long, which is divided in half by the international border. The area is a common meeting ground for two very different cultures, and the Charro Days celebration wisely capitalizes on that contact.

Much of the credit for its continued success goes to the women of the area's Pan American Round Tables.

These groups, the first of which was organized in San Antonio in 1916, play a vital role in cementing international friendship on a person-to-person level. Besides those located throughout Texas, there are now Tables in New Mexico; Monterrey, Mexico; Mexico City; and various parts of Central and South America. The combined membership of the two Brownsville Tables, one of which has members in Matamoras, is one hundred. Four other Tables in the Rio Grande Valley—at San Juan-Alamo, San Benito, McAllen, and Rio Grande City—swell the total valley membership to two hundred.

Club members learn to understand the people on the other side of the river by studying their language, geography, history, literature, arts, institutions, and customs. Each group enjoys local autonomy, but is bound

to the general rules and principles in the Alliance of Pan American Round Tables constitution. All are strictly non-political, non-sectarian, non-commercial, and non-federated. Among other activities, the Tables offer scholarships to exchange students; sponsor radio programs, lectures, and essay contests on inter-American subjects; establish libraries or Pan American corners in city libraries; found schools for illiterates; and promote the study of all American languages by both children and adults.

Besides actually taking part in Charro Days, the Round Tables serve on the various civic committees that help stage the celebration and run the million and one errands the affair entails.

Since almost everybody likes to dress up, the celebration lays special stress on pageantry. The whole population of both towns dons Latin American costumes, mostly of the 1870-1912 period. The lavish charro outfits seen everywhere go back further—to Mexico's mestizo ranchers of colonial days, who used to show off their wealth by harnessing their horses in silver and wearing richly embroidered suits. In Mexico's struggle for independence, the charros played leading roles. Their descendants can still be seen rounding up the herds on the country's haciendas or displaying their expert horsemanship on Sunday mornings in Mexico City's Chapultepec Park.

Early Thursday morning (the festival always runs from Thursday to Sunday, next year will start on February 21) hundreds of strolling troubadors or *mariachis* from all over Mexico gather at the International Gateway bridge spanning the Rio Grande. There they are met by a Charro Days representative in costume; they follow him across the bridge, playing as they march. Later everyone gathers before the decorated bandstand in Brownsville's main street as one of the Charro Days officials, A. A. "Daddy" Hargrove, gives the traditional Mexican *grito* (this version is somewhere between a Comanche war whoop and a rebel yell), and the massed bands break into song and music. For the next four days

there is dancing in the streets and a steady round of parties, entertainments, and general wassail.

Visitors get a good chance to study the colorful costumes at breakfasts and luncheons offered by the Round Table members. The Brownsville Tables are the official custodians of the Charro Days collection, keeping it in repair throughout the year.

Other features of the celebration include elaborate parades with floats based on Mexican and Central American themes; amateur theatrical productions staged by high school and college students; and costume balls with famous Latin orchestras. But top billing goes to the children's parade. About five thousand Mexican and Texan youngsters march through the streets, singing and dancing, dressed in miniatures of the costumes worn by their parents. For months in advance the schools work on musical numbers to be performed *en masse* during the parade.

Rodeos, water carnivals, and private gatherings com-



From left: Juan Flores, Yolanda González Viegas in rebozo, Alice Bliss in Oaxaca dress, Ralph Cavazos as charro, wait to join parade

plete the program. Business is suspended on both sides of the river for the duration. Streets are roped off, and the town is decorated with Mexican and U.S. colors.

Financially, the celebration is partly self-supporting through revenues from dances and concessions, but businessmen of the town (many of whose wives are Pan American Round Table members) contribute money for operating capital each year. The entertainment provided by the street dances and strolling players is free, but a charge is made for the grand balls.

The festival has been attracting national and international attention. The State Department, Pathé News, Twentieth Century Fox, and *Time* have all sent photographers to record the goings-on. Each year whole families from northern Mexico travel hundreds of miles to take part, and more and more visitors arrive from all parts of the United States. In this unique international carnival New Orleans' Mardi Gras has a growing rival.



Playful Mexican spectators enjoy Texas Charro Days

# men of the

AT A RECENT EXHIBITION of excellent Latin American regional motifs, held in the Hall of the Americas at the Pan American Union, Argentine visitors complained bitterly about the section on their country: "These are things from the past." "This doesn't mean anything." "Why show museum pieces?" The organizer told graphically how at the New York World's Fair a similar display had to be taken down in the face of such criticism.

The typical Argentine rejects the "typical" as what was and no longer is, or what is and should not be. To it he opposes the skyscrapers of Buenos Aires, the dams of Córdoba, the industries of the coast. This is an old attitude, rooted in Sarmiento's dilemma—"civilization or barbarism"—and errs because it is over-generalized.

In Argentina, as perhaps in all America, there is contradiction and contrast. The visitor, above all, the artist, finds in everyday life, in ordinary human material, reminders of the real or literary past.

Does the gaucho survive? The poet and essayist Martínez Estrada says: "The gaucho spirit is as positive today as it was a hundred years ago." The gaucho is a social rather than an ethnic type. Of—is it Andalusian or mestizo origin?, he was and is the man of the country, a product of the surroundings, the landscape, the horse, the pampa, and the solitude, which shaped his body, his features, and his thoughts. The gaucho still

*His prairie-craft and his own stout heart,  
He plays his life upon;  
If he's sore beset and is forced to fly,  
His trusty horse is his sure ally,  
No shelter has he but the heaven above,  
No friend but his keen "jacón".*

*And the colt would thrash in the swirling dust  
Like a thing of living hate . . . .*

*He handles it softly for a start,  
Its neck with his hand he slicks,  
He doesn't care what time he'll spend,  
He strokes it there for hours on end,  
And he only stops when it drops its ears  
And neither jibs nor kicks . . . .*



# PAMPAS

Luis Guillermo Piazza

exists—as a way of life, a personality, a state of mind, a thing of the people and the earth—and his influence extends as far as politics. His appearance is the least important thing about him—more and more his costume is becoming stylized into the movie and school-festival version. For “life always imitates art.”

José Hernández published *El Gaucho Martín Fierro* in 1872 and *La Vuelta de Martín Fierro* (*The Return of Martín Fierro*) in 1879. Of a patrician background—soldier, politician, journalist—he mixed with the people and sang of the wanderings and hardships of the gauchos of his time. So well did he do it that he became one with the character he had created, and his whole other life and personality sank into mystery. The country itself, much later, symbolically identified itself with the poem. Just as the English created the myth of Shakespeare long after his Elizabethan popularity, the Argentines discovered their Martín Fierro and began to invoke his sayings and habits. Tradition was consolidated, and the third stage of the life-art-life process began.

These scenes of the gaucho and his world were photographed by Arnold Hasenclever in Argentina to illustrate stanzas from the poem, and are part of an exhibit that will open at the Pan American Union this month. The quotations are from the well-known translation by Walter Owen.

*A son am I of the rolling plain,  
A gaucho born and bred;  
For me the whole great world is small,  
Believe me, my heart can hold it all;  
The snake strikes not at my passing foot,  
The sun burns not my head.*



*At the peaceful hour of the afternoon,  
When everything seems to doze;  
When the winds lie down on the prairie's breast,  
And the whole wide world seems to turn to rest . . . .*

*I rounded them up without a sound,  
They hadn't a chance with me, they found;  
My orders were to bring back with me  
Every beast that two legs has got . . . .*







*The animal of the horse's kind  
(Forgive me these indications)  
Has touchy feelings and lots of sense,  
It's easy to get its confidence,  
It's not in a class with the savage beasts  
And it's tamed with care and patience.*

*I can ride in the round-up, part and brand;  
In the corral too I'm a first rate hand . . . .*



*Ah, my mind goes back and I see again  
The gaucho I knew of old;  
He picked his mount, and was ready aye,  
To sing or fight, and for work or play,  
And even the poorest one was rich  
In the things not bought with gold . . . .*

*She was the song-bird that lighted down  
From the sky on the lonely tree,  
She was as fair as the dawn of day,  
When the plain is gold with the sun's first ray,  
She was the flower that scents the wind  
On the clover-covered lea . . . .*







*When a father gives counsels to his sons,  
He's a friend and a father too;  
As a friend, my boys, then hark to me:  
In every thing you must wary be,  
You're never aware just when and where  
Some enemy waits for you.*

*When you that listen and I who sing  
Are dust in the wind of years,  
My songs in remembrance men will keep,  
As long as they labour and fight and weep,  
I've chewed tough meat to make this brag,  
And salted it well with tears.*



*I mounted and made for the open plain  
As free as the winds that roam;  
Like the clouds that race o'er the heaven's face,  
And know neither halt nor abiding-place . . .*

*I sit me here to sing my song  
To the beat of my old guitar:  
For the man whose life is a bitter cup  
With a song may yet his heart lift up,  
As the lonely bird on the leafless tree  
That sings 'neath the gloaming star.*





Puerto Rican small fry get a kick out of first international show of Caribbean art. Three Kings is by Ted Bredt

## caribbean canvas

THE PLAZA DE ARMAS in San Juan, Puerto Rico, was recently the setting for a novel cultural exchange. For the most part, artists of the Caribbean islands have been either completely isolated from the main streams of contemporary art or closely tied to New York or Paris circles, but have had little contact with each other. And though Puerto Rico itself has a vigorous group of painters, it has no art museum. So the first Caribbean International Exhibition, with paintings by 47 artists from Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti, Puerto Rico, Trinidad, Martinique, and the Virgin Islands was a mutual get-acquainted party. It showed the way for giving the artists of each island a wider public while letting the *borinquenos* see what others are doing.

The show was presented by the Puerto Rico Visitors' Bureau and organized by Catherine L. Randolph. She got the idea after the success of an open-air showing of paintings by thirty-five Puerto Ricans, which she arranged with the help of the Ateneo Puertorriqueño, San Juan's lady mayor, who lent strings of lights, and the insular Interior Department's donation of stands. About ten thousand people saw that exhibit, many seeing an oil painting for the first time. The favorable reaction stirred the painters into bustling activity.

Private individuals and government and art institute officials in all the islands helped make the international

exhibit, held March 5-13, a first-rate one. Cuba, for example, was represented by these outstanding figures: Luis Martínez Pedro, Felipe Orlando, Cundo Bermúdez, René Portocarrero, Wilfredo Lam, Mariano, José Mijares, and Roberto Diago. From Haiti there were paintings by both the "primitives," including Hector Hyppolite, Rigaud Benoit, Castera Bazile, and Wilson Bigaud, and such professional painters as Maurice Borno, Antonio Joseph, and Luce Tournier. Outstanding in Puerto Rico's own contribution were canvases by Manuel Hernández, Julio Rosado del Valle, Francisco Palacios, and Ted Bredt, a U.S. artist now painting on the island.

The ingenious stands built for this show can be closed to protect the paintings from the weather when necessary and double as shipping boxes. With these cases, the Second Exhibition of Puerto Rican Painting, which followed the international exhibit, will be moved by truck and set up in plazas all over the island.

It is hoped that the inter-island exhibition can be made an annual event, providing a new link between the peoples of the Caribbean.

San Juan visitors see work of two Cubans: Felipe Orlando's *The Goblet* (left) and Mariano's *Woman*



# Presenting our Ambassadors



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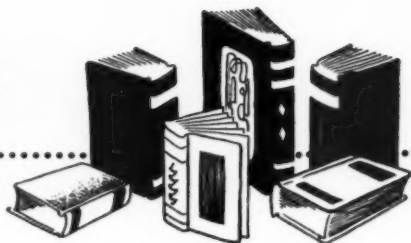
Vice-Chairman of the OAS Council is Venezuela's delegate to the Organization of American States, René Lépervanche Parpacén. A distinguished lawyer, Dr. Lépervanche comes from Pampatar in the state of Nueva Esparta on his country's east coast, where he was born in 1913. He graduated in law from the University of Santo Domingo in 1936, then took his doctor's degree in political science at the Central University of Venezuela. In 1939 he was admitted to the bar. Ambassador Lépervanche has been Assistant Attorney General and has belonged to several law-making groups, besides serving as a member of the board of directors of the law school at the Central University. In the same university he was professor of administrative law and professor of fiscal legislation and policy in the school of economics. During the recent Meeting of Foreign Ministers in Washington, Ambassador Lépervanche was Counsellor to Venezuela's Minister of Foreign Affairs. He has published a number of works, mostly on legal matters; an exception was his *Bolívar, poeta del carácter*, which appeared in 1943.

OAS Council Chairman Hildebrando Pompeu Pinto Accioly is Brazil's Ambassador to the Organization of American States. At sixty-three Dr. Accioly has had a busy career both as a lawyer and as a diplomat. Born in Fortaleza, capital of Ceará, he graduated from his state law school in 1908. This is his second official stretch in Washington; in 1933 he served in the U.S. capital as the Brazilian Embassy's Counsellor and *Chargé d'Affaires*. There followed a two-year post as Minister Plenipotentiary in Bucharest, then, from 1939 to 1944, he was Brazil's Ambassador to the Holy See. Between foreign assignments, Dr. Accioly was chief assistant to Brazil's Foreign Minister in 1930-32, Secretary General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs from 1937 to 1939 and again for three years starting in 1946. In 1949 he returned to Washington, D.C., to be his country's delegate to the OAS; and since November 1950 he has been Chairman of the Council. Twice Dr. Accioly was Acting Foreign Minister in Brazil. Among his published works the best known is his *Tratado de Direito Internacional Público* (*Treatise on Public International Law*), which has been translated into French and Spanish. Famed in his country as an international-law expert, Dr. Accioly is also a leading Catholic, and in 1950 he wrote *Os primeiros Núncios no Brasil*.

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# BOOKS



## WHAT THEY'RE READING IN VENEZUELA

Rafael Pineda

BOOKSELLERS AND WRITERS can't agree on what they're reading in Venezuela. While the former assure us that a great deal is being read, the latter deny it or make reservations. Recently the difference of opinion became even more acute when a number of intellectuals began a public debate in the Venezuelan Writers' Association about an alleged crisis in our literature. Novelist Arturo Uslar Pietri, for example, argued that the crisis was due to the fact that literature had become an exquisite, cloistered, de luxe product, beyond the mainstream of national life. Poet Juan Liscano, for his part, charged that 60 per cent of the population was illiterate, while a kind of egocentric writing made the authors founder on their own narcissism.

In a way, this discussion grew out of the tremendous success won by the truculent radio drama, *El Derecho de Nacer* (*The Right to be Born*), by the pompous Cuban librettist Félix Benjamín Caignet y Salomón, which has been broadcast by a Caracas station for over a year. Every evening at seven, in practically every home in Venezuela, men and women wring their hands listening to the adventures and misfortunes of Albertico Limonta, who is the principal character of the story merely because he was an illegitimate child. His grandfather, Rafael del Junco—who is unaware of the blood bond that joins him with Albertico and who has been uttering his last gasps into the microphone for several weeks now—inspired the orchestra "Billo's Caracas Boys" to compose a *guaracha*, entitled *Ya don Rafael habló* (*Don Rafael Has Spoken*). In other words, the heroes of *El Derecho de Nacer* are on the point of achieving immortality.

The men of letters have taken the collective hysteria aroused by the radio show as a bad sign for Venezuelan literature. "The people," Uslar Pietri emphatically declared, "seek in this show what literature has failed to give them. *Bona fide* authors are not talking to the nation." Poet Liscano added: "The writers are heard when they deal with big issues, as Rómulo Gallegos, Mariano Picón Salas, Ramón Díaz Sánchez, and Uslar Pietri himself have done."

Then short-story writer Gustavo Díaz Solís intervened: "To write for the people doesn't mean to write 'Pedro arrived at the hut and asked his wife if the pancakes were ready.' The writers must listen to the people; and we must make books less expensive."

"The man in the street," replied novelist Ramón Díaz Sánchez, "asks the writer to come down out of the clouds and come to grips like a creature of flesh and blood with the problems that worry him."

Pedro Pablo Barnola, an essayist and priest, resorted to mathematics. "Here no one reads, not even the learned," he admitted in a surprising confession. "In Caracas there are seven newspapers. Some 150,000 copies are published daily. With six million inhabitants, Venezuela has less than a million readers."

Poet Juan Manuel González put his point of view in sociological terms. "America's and Venezuela's crisis," he said, "is unlike Europe's. Ours is a crisis of transformation; Europe's, of decadence."

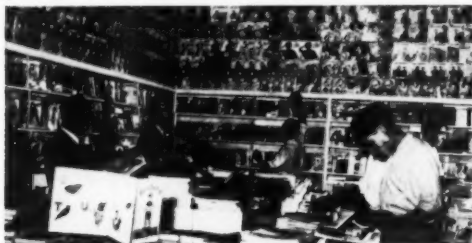
The last speaker in the round table was poet and journalist Miguel Otero Silva. He summed up his thinking in a reference to existentialist literature as proof of the imminent split among the bourgeoisie. "Man is being denied by man," he declared. "What we need is contact with mankind."

But in the course of the discussion, which attracted a large and impatient audience, many agreed that books reflecting the needs and aspirations of the people *have* been published recently: *Pedro Claver*, by Mariano Picón



Salas; *Humano Destino*, 1950 winner of the National Literature Prize, and *Folklore y Cultura*, both by Juan Liscano; *Mensaje sin Destino* (*Message Without Destination*), by Mario Briceño Iragorry; *Cumboto*, by Ramón Díaz Sánchez; *De Una a Otra Venezuela* (*From One Venezuela to Another*), and *Treinta Hombres y sus Sombras* (*Thirty Men and Their Shadows*), by Arturo Usler Pietri; *La Muerte en Hollywood* (*Death in Hollywood*), by Carlos Augusto León, among others.

The critical situation, undoubtedly serious at the beginning of the debate, seemed somewhat better in the



Caracas stand carries plenty of comic books. Fifth row from top displays chapters of radio soap-opera, *El Derecho de Nacer*



Pupils of Caracas Experimental School have their own library, spend two reading periods there daily

end, with this mention of the books. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief.

Publishers and booksellers are far more optimistic than the writers. They assert, among other things, that the demand for books in Venezuela is higher than in any other country, as José Agustín Catalá, president of the Avila Gráfica Company, pointed out. "For example," he said, "the Mexican Fondo de Cultura Económica prints an average of three thousand copies of each book published. Internal consumption is estimated at two thousand. What does that amount to for a country with several times our population? Here approximately the same number of copies is printed, and none are exported." Asked about market possibilities, Catalá replied, "There is wide interest in good reading."

Catalá has published some twenty titles by Venezuelan authors, including novels, essays, poetry, history, and folklore. "I know the public well," he said. "You have to wait at least two years to see the full results of each publishing effort, but they are always favorable." I asked him if Venezuelan books did not seem expensive compared to those coming from other countries. "No, I

wouldn't say so," he replied, picking up a copy of *¿Hombres o No?* by Elio Vitorini. "This book was printed by Losada in Argentina and costs ten bolívares (about U.S. \$3.00) in Venezuela. Liscano's *Folklore y Cultura*, published here by Avila Gráfica, has an extensive text and more than forty illustrations. It sells for twelve bolívares."

Julio Vásquez, a graduate economist and owner of the Andrés Bello bookshop, is another optimist. His daily experience with the public is the best answer to the supposed crisis of authors and readers. "Venezuelans read quite a lot. They show a marked preference for essays and for novels that have something of the essay's qualities. We could cite William Faulkner, Thomas Mann, Hermann Hesse, Aldous Huxley, André Gide, Eduardo Mallea." I asked about Venezuelan authors. "First of all, Rómulo Gallegos. Then there are also many requests for Arturo Usler Pietri, Mariano Picón Salas, Ramón Díaz Sánchez, José Nucete Sardi, Juan Liscano, Carlos Augusto León."

"And why are books so expensive?"

Vásquez shook his head. "What happens is that comparisons are made that have nothing to do with reality, only on the basis of exchange rates—and usually without considering the official rates, which the bookseller must abide by. But if we take into account the high cost of living and compare book prices with those of the movies or anything else, we find, surprisingly, that book prices in Venezuela are lower than in other countries, even large producing countries like Argentina." The bookseller went on to explain that until recently the largest number of book imports (which are duty-free) came from Argentina, with Mexico in second place, but far behind. At present quite a few are arriving from Spain.

Another bookstore, Cruz del Sur, also sells a lot of prose. No matter how romantic we Venezuelans may appear, poetry doesn't sell very well here. I asked the proprietor, Violeta Joffré, what native authors were read most. She named Bolívar, Juan Vicente González, and Francisco Pimentel. This is rather curious, since Bolívar wrote only letters and proclamations of his heroic campaigns, and Juan Vicente González, a nineteenth-century romanticist, concerned himself only with political writing. But Cruz del Sur has its own opinion about its clients' preferences. So much so, in fact, that it is now publishing a booklet of selections from the speeches of González, who used to be called *come libros* ("book-eater") because of his vast erudition.

There is one store in Caracas, the American Book Shop, that sells only books in English: Jules Waldman, the owner, finds his customers about equally divided between North Americans and Venezuelans. Besides the current U.S. best sellers, his records show most requests for Sinclair Lewis, A. J. Cronin, and Louis Bromfield.

None of the booksellers made any mention of mystery stories. Nevertheless, many writers and non-writers do not hide their predilection for this genre. "Reading them lets you rest your mind," they confess.

Among the women, a comic strip that left off being comic to become romantic has, to a certain extent, out-



moded the feverish passion for the "rose" novels. Now the models of love, sacrifice, and happiness are no longer the thin, pallid heroines of the sugary Delly or the baggy-eyed Rafael Pérez y Pérez, but the stereotyped sketches in *Pepín*, a comic book printed weekly in Mexico that sells like hot cakes on Caracas newsstands.

At eight o'clock in the morning, when the girls board the bus to go to the office, they carry a bunch of *Pepín*s pressed to their hearts. The Venezuelan people, who have no hair on the tongue, as we say, have already coined a word for them that you constantly hear on the buses: "*Adiós, pepinera.*" "How are you, *pepinera*?" "How pretty the *pepinera* is today."

Over desks in the ministries, in the oil companies, in business firms, the girls glance at their *Pepín* in free moments, showing the same interest with which our grandmothers opened their memory-filled albums of acrostics written by their admirers with the starched collars and tight pants.

You get the impression that Mexican films take their plots from *Pepín*, or vice versa, they are so nearly identical, with plenty of big tears and many handkerchiefs. The girls' devotion to *Pepín* is understandable: they devour its pages in a few minutes. "You get out of it quickly," they say. But every time they go by a newsstand they pick up a package in anticipation of moments of boredom. Others, however, are partisans of the women's magazines, which publish serialized novels and tearful short stories. These insipid publications have invaded the market from Argentina, Cuba, and Mexico.

Naturally, as regular listeners to *El Derecho de Nacer*, the *pepineras* buy the chapters of the drama that are published weekly and have them bound. Thus they are completing their favorite book, which they keep under the pillow, on the night table, or in the desk drawer, along with the letter from the fiancé and the dressmaker's unpaid bill.

The volumes of *El Derecho de Nacer* have caused their owners no little grief. A few days ago, in the neighborhood where I live, the loss of some bound chapters provoked a farcical scene that almost turned into tragedy. The actors were a young lady who was having a permanent and her maid, naturally just as sensitive as her

mistress. The young lady phoned a girl friend and asked to borrow her volume. "You'll take good care of it?" asked the voice on the other end of the wire. "As if it were my own, *chica*. Don't worry. I'll send the maid to pick it up."

An hour later the maid appeared bathed in tears and with her hair all mussed up. "They grabbed *El Derecho* from me in the street!" she shouted inconsolably.

The young lady, who was waiting for the book to lie down and sigh over it, seized the servant by the hair. "I'll kill you! Who took it?"

"A man snatched it from me. He covered my eyes and gagged me with a handkerchief. Oh, señorita, you don't know what it was like!"

"You'll end up at the police station if you don't give me *El Derecho*," shouted the wrathful young lady. "Come on. Let's look for it!" And just as she was, without taking off the curlers, without make-up, and in her slippers, she went into the street, dragging the servant after her.

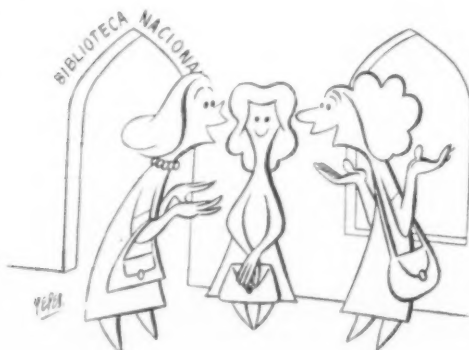
"Look, señorita," and the tears flowed again, "the truth is, I lent it to a friend of mine, the González' cook. But you can't stay in the street in this state. Go back to the house, and I will bring you the book."

The young lady's soul returned to her body. She smiled, and, intoxicated with the deepest gratitude to all the saints in heaven, she could barely exclaim: "What an awful shock you gave me, girl!" The maid started for the González' house, and since that moment the earth seems to have swallowed her up. For three days the young lady couldn't eat or drink, she was so furious. That's what they say in the neighborhood.

Caracas' National Library—a building with Gothic turrets next to the Central University of Venezuela—is in a way the *tertulia* or gathering place for many people. They come in and fill out a request slip for a book just to sit down and wait for their acquaintances and strike up a conversation, ignoring the stark signs scattered everywhere: "Silence: they are reading." On various occasions, the press has called attention to these out-of-place individuals, but they go on serenely whispering in the library, with their eyes seemingly glued to their reading.

Every day the library is frequented by university and high school students requesting reference works, especially between ten and twelve in the morning and three and five in the afternoon. Old people also visit it a lot, leafing through the yellowing pages of old newspapers and magazines, as if to remind themselves of better days. The rest of the readers are a motley assortment: a historian on the trail of some datum, a lady looking for a romantic novel she can't find in the bookstores, a girl who is going to copy some verses, a young man who is going to flirt with the girl who wants to copy verses.

According to the library's statistics, the most frequent requests are for textbooks. The circulating library, a service recently established at the National Library, meets a great demand for classical authors: Shakespeare, Cervantes, Dante, Saint Teresa, Schiller, Lope de Vega, Goethe, and some of our national authors like Andrés



Bello, Cecilio Acosta, Juan Vicente González, Rufino Blanco Fombona, Rómulo Gallegos.

The university has its own library, which, like those of the Academies of History and of the Language and the Central Bank, is open to the general public. But people always prefer the National Library, even at the risk of not finding the book they need. Undoubtedly the pleasanter atmosphere there has something to do with this.

On Caracas street corners, especially in the center of town, traveling booksellers spread out their wares—cheap editions, second-hand books, or the latest imports from Argentina. At these posts you can find everything from Milton's *Paradise Lost* to the *décimas* of Cruz Avila, a native Venezuelan folk singer, passing by way of *Mío Cid*, Plato's *Dialogues*, Petrarck's sonnets, Rimbaud's poems, and Steinbeck's stories. Picaresque and pornographic literature is in great demand. Since it is a free market, you find all kinds in this catch-all of the corner posts.

There are private libraries in Caracas that cost a fortune. But they belong to members of a privileged minority, who in many cases have not bothered to use the papercutter to unseal the gilded pages of their books. The good reader generally fills his books with underlining and notes, tosses them about in all directions, circulates them among his friends. However, this disorder has its compensation. You cannot say as much for the de luxe bookcases, unless by way of decorative effect.

### GOOD NEIGHBOR HOOVER

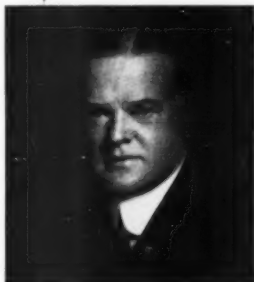
IN HIS BOOK *Herbert Hoover's Latin-American Policy*, Dr. Alexander DeConde, associate professor of history at California's Whittier College, covers with scholarly precision and noticeable dullness the growingly familiar contention that the Hoover presidential administration in the United States, 1929-33, laid the groundwork for President Franklin Roosevelt's celebrated "good neighbor policy" in Latin America.

The point is not difficult to establish. Mr. Hoover set a high enough value on inter-American relations to embark, within two weeks after his election in November 1928, on a good-will tour of ten Latin American republics. To audiences from Honduras to Argentina and Brazil, he described himself as travelling on a "good neighbor's" mission.

Then during his term of office he gave plenty of evidence that his "visiting fireman's" oratory was composed of something more than diplomatic compliments. President Hoover all but explicitly abandoned all claims of a right to intervene in the affairs of disorderly American republics—which the United States had vigorously re-asserted, to the consternation of its sister governments, as late as the Pan American Conference of January 1923. Moreover, in spite of the series of violent revolutions that in the wake of the world depression in 1930 and 1931 disturbed the peace of several South American and Caribbean republics, Mr. Hoover and his Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson never so much as attempted a gesture toward intervention.

The Hoover regime also greatly liberalized the diplomatic recognition policy of the United States toward Latin-American governments coming into power through constitutionally unorthodox procedures. Essentially, it abandoned the practice, inherited from the Woodrow Wilson era, of withholding recognition from such governments and moved a long way toward the present program, now sanctioned by the Organization of American States, of recognizing all regimes capable of discharging the governing functions and disposed to carry out their international responsibilities.

Again, the Hoover administration made more consistent efforts to maintain peace in the Americas than most of its predecessors. True, it did not succeed in allaying the controversy between Paraguay and Bolivia, out of which came the 1933-35 Chaco War. But it was instrumental, along with the League of Nations, in holding the Colombian-Peruvian struggle for the Leticia territory to a short-of-war phase. It produced at least



Herbert Hoover: Whose good-neighbor policy?

a partial—and so far durable—settlement of the long-vexed Tacna-Arica question between Chile, Peru, and Bolivia. To the inter-American peace structure, there was also added the Hoover-Stimson doctrine, which now binds the American republics, including the United States, never to "recognize title to possession of territory gained in violation of peace pacts"—to wit, through open aggression.

This impressive record leads Dr. DeConde to maintain that "as Hoover's Latin-American policy was . . . adopted by his Democratic successor, it was in many ways the real beginning of what has come to be popularly known as the good-neighbor policy. The entrance of Roosevelt into the White House did not result in any marked change in the Latin-American policy which the country had been following in the previous four years. . . . If there was any noticeable change, it was primarily in the increased tempo of the program, especially in the mid-thirties, when unsettled world conditions gave a strong impetus to inter-American solidarity. . . . But in its main essentials, the good-neighbor policy had its roots in the Hoover administration; Roosevelt only adopted and expanded it."

It would make no sense to oppose this judgment. It merely, in this reviewer's opinion, fails to say enough. More than merely adopting and expanding the Hoover program, the Roosevelt touch transformed and drama-

tized the whole idea of the Hemisphere's human neighborliness into a living principle which in a time of international peril could enlist the emotional loyalties of half a world. To the plodding virtues of the Hoover regime's Latin American policy, however, belongs much of the credit for the stage setting in which the Roosevelt drama could be performed.—Duncan Aikman

HERBERT HOOVER'S LATIN AMERICAN POLICY, by Alexander DeConde, Stanford, California, Stanford University Press, 1951. 154 p. \$3.00

## ART IN THE ABSTRACT

A FEW MONTHS AGO, a volume appeared that served as catalogue to the exhibition of U.S. abstract painting and sculpture at New York's Museum of Modern Art. It is one of those carefully prepared monographs that the museum has led us to expect and that later prove to be indispensable reference works in their field. One could almost say that the collection of this institution's catalogues is the most complete library in existence on the art of this century.

Andrew Carnduff Ritchie, the author of *Abstract Painting and Sculpture in America* and director of the museum's department of painting and sculpture, organized the exhibition that motivated the publication. For those of us who saw it early this year, the show was a surprise. The wise selection of material and the care with which it was arranged left the observer fully convinced that there is in the United States a solid and very broad movement of progressive contemporary art. This book further corroborates that impression. With the author's penetrating analysis of the elements of this realm of art, the objectivity of his judgment, and the clarity of his comments, the volume not only serves to define one aspect of present-day U.S. art but also provides a good starting point for the study of abstract art in the rest of the world.

Although it is perhaps too early to make a definitive evaluation, the exhibition and still more this book indicate that what is being produced in these directions in the United States has the advantage over what is being done today under various labels in Europe, in its variety, its eagerness to progress, and its drive. For example, if we were to place the big salon mounted by the abstract artists in Paris under the title *Réalités Nouvelles* alongside this one Museum of Modern Art exhibition, the European work would undoubtedly come off second-best by comparison.

Ritchie presents a concise history of abstract art in general, full of interesting suggestions. The *what* and *why* of it give him a chance to trace the evolution of abstraction through the history of art and its full independence and development in our century, as well as to describe the factors that have contributed to its flowering. Thus he includes among the *whys* the invention of the camera, the dominance of music during the nineteenth century and its possible analogy with the plastic arts (questionable from the esthetic point of view), and finally scientific discoveries and the influence of the machine age.



String Construction in Yellow and Gray, by Sue Fuller, From Andrew Carnduff Ritchie's book

It is already a commonplace to say that photography freed the painter from unconditional submission to the reproduction of nature. Today, however, photography helps him look at nature in new ways. In the introduction to the book, Ritchie reproduces some scientific photographs that show how man has broadened and thereby varied his vision. Life has been laid bare to the point of discovering the shape and habits of the protozoa; it has been possible to isolate and "see" the forces that keep the universe in order; the earth can be looked at from outside, with the landscape reduced to colored spots, lines, and segments. So we cannot demand of the artist that he remain unaffected by these conquests of his era or that he maintain an attitude toward things like that of eighteenth-century artists. To believe that a piece of sculpture or a canvas is nonsense because it does not represent familiar objects or a direct view of reality is to deny man the possibility of developing and elaborating on the suggestions with which the environment of his time is constantly inciting him. And the means he has of getting close to everything certainly equip him to carry out this process of transfiguration, if he so desires.

Ritchie sums up the social and historical significance of abstract art under the heading "*Abstraction and Protest*." Analyzing the history of art during the past three hundred years, he tells us that abstract art "is the culmination of many revolutions dating back to the seventeenth century." His lively summary leads into the main theme of the book.

Part of the main section he devotes to the origins of

abstraction in the U.S.A. in connection with the famous 1913 Armory Show. Then he divides the abstract movement into two periods. The first covers approximately the years 1912-1925 and is identified as a direct consequence of the European vanguard movements, such as Cubism and Futurism. Here the author describes the work of the U.S. precursors in the field—Max Weber, Joseph Stella, John Marin, and so on—commenting on their achievements and relationships, and tells of the activities of Marsden Hartley, Man Ray, Morgan Russell, and others.

The second period covers the twenty years 1930-1950, beginning in the great depression. In this phase appear Stuart Davis, Arthur G. Dove, Arthur B. Carles, George L. K. Morris, Alexander Calder, and so on. Among other factors that influenced this revival of interest in abstraction he mentions the arrival in the United States of artists from the faculty of the German *Bauhaus*, like Moholy-Nagy, Feininger, Albers, and Gropius, forced out by the Nazis; the opening of the Museum of Modern Art in New York in 1929 and of the Museum of Non-Objective Art in 1937; and the arrival in New York in 1940 of Piet Mondrian, founder of the Dutch group *Die Stijl*.

Ritchie studies the subject matter and the general directions abstract art took in this period, when—especially after 1943—it gained the prominence it now enjoys in this country. Begging the reader's indulgence for entering into dangerous generalization, the author classifies U.S. abstract art work in five categories: pure geometric, architectural and mechanical geometric, naturalistic geometric, expressionist geometric, and biomorphic expressionist. Each of these groups is illustrated with reproductions of a number of works, preceded by a note explaining the characteristics and influences to be seen in them.

The illustrations, some of them in color, make a major contribution to understanding the problems raised by the groups and even by the individual artists. But apart from its intrinsic value as the first conscientious, basic study of the evolution of abstract art in the United States, this book will also be an excellent means, as I have said, for introducing the public on a sound footing to this tendency which seems completely to pervade world art today.—José Gómez Sicre

**ABSTRACT PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN AMERICA**, by Andrew Carnduff Ritchie. New York, The Museum of Modern Art, 1951. 160 p. Illus. \$5.00

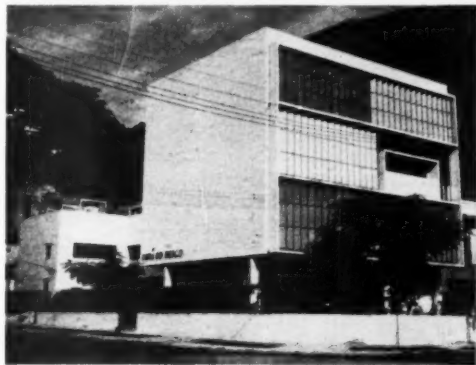
## DESIGN FOR LIVING

LE CORBUSIER, while working on his project for the University of Rio de Janeiro campus, had as one of his assistants a young man who quickly absorbed the Frenchman's revolutionary approach to architecture. The association initiated such a rapid rise that it catapulted the young Brazilian architect into a leading position among members of his profession in the Western Hemisphere. His career over a period of fifteen years is the basis for *The Work of Oscar Niemeyer*, by Stamo Papadaki, skillfully designed with photographs and brief explanatory

text to give the reader a clear idea of the Brazilian architect's remarkable development.

That Niemeyer's progress was fantastically fast but well grounded can be seen in one of his first buildings, the Day Nursery in Rio de Janeiro. Here the direct influence of Le Corbusier is reflected in the exposed pillars that support the overhanging second floor, the completely functional use of space moulded in clean, geometric form. But this alone would not necessarily raise it from the level of good work to that of outstanding work. What distinguishes this early creation is the brilliant solution to the glare of tropical sunlight found in the light-modulator louvers. Not only are they functional units structurally, but they provide a new architectural motif. Light-modulating walls were further developed by Niemeyer in his design for the spectacular Brazilian Pavilion at the New York World's Fair in 1939. The "egg crate" non-adjustable shades forming the southern wall of that building gave the façade a functional yet highly dramatic character. The controlled freedom of the open plan of that building, though less obvious to the casual observer, should not be overlooked, for Niemeyer not only stresses dramatic exteriors but designs buildings that are integrated units, in plan, function, material, space, site, and form.

Niemeyer has thrown off the blunders of the traditional architect and the eclecticism that is characteristic of the



Day nursery in Rio designed by Oscar Niemeyer features louvers for light control. From Papadaki's book

traditionalist approach without rejecting the living heritage of Brazilian architecture. His use of painted tiles and screens shows his tie with architecture of the past.

Oscar Niemeyer himself sums up his work most explicitly: "I should have very much liked to be in a position to present a more realistic achievement; a kind of work which reflects not only the refinements and comfort but also a positive collaboration between the architect and society."

Brazil is fortunate to have this man of the future creating in the present.—Hubert Leckie

**THE WORK OF OSCAR NIEMEYER**, by Stamo Papadaki. New York City, Reinhold Publishing Corporation, 1950. 220 p. Illus. \$8.50

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## FOTO FLASHES



Argentina's young, talented Pia Sebastiani added another appreciative audience to her growing list when she recently presented a piano recital in the Pan American Union's Hall of the Americas. Sponsored by Argentine Ambassador Jerónimo Remorino, her program ranged from a Copland blues to a Bach chaconne and included one of her own compositions, Prelude Number Four. Considered by many one of the most promising of young Latin American composers, Miss Sebastiani has been praised by such experts as Darius Milhaud for "her enchanting gift of composition."



Commemorating their national hero, soldier-statesman José Gervasio Artigas, whose statue stands near Pan American Union grounds at 18th Street and Constitution Avenue in Washington, visiting Uruguayan Rotarians paused to lay a wreath, pay their respects.

Brazilian journalist Adahil da Silva (left), managing editor of Porto Alegre's *Correio do Povo*, a few weeks ago paid a visit to the PAU press section. Looking over a news release with him are AMERICAS assistant editor Benedicta Quirino dos Santos and press officer Michael Lever.



After nineteen years of collecting American colonial art for the Grace Line, Edith Igoe Sweeney, Director of Visual Publicity, recently brought together her choicest treasures at the PAU building in Washington. Pictured here is Ecuador's official loan exhibit sponsored by President Galo Plaza Lasso. Gathered from the homes of Quito's oldest families, it represents precious heirlooms heretofore unavailable for popular appraisal.

Two Guatemalan artists, sculptor Roberto González Goyri (left) and painter Roberto Ossaye (with hands folded) recently exhibited their works in the gallery of the Pan American Union. Discussing Sr. González Goyri's tin alloy *Cocks Fighting* are an interested group of listeners including (from left of sculpture) Guatemalan Embassy's staff members, Counselor Alfredo Chocano; Miss Maria Luisa Láinez; and First Secretary Luis Díaz Gómez.







### THE ARTIST'S PARTNERS

ONCE A WORK OF ART has been created, it passes into other hands than the artist's. The public, the interpreter, and the critic influence it and have a responsibility toward it. The part each plays is the subject of an article by Mexican philosopher Samuel Ramos in the beautiful magazine *México en el Arte*, published by the government Institute of Fine Arts:

"... A powerful motive impelling the artist to create is the need to communicate with others. To him art is never a monologue but a dialogue he carries on with a real or imaginary spectator without whose perspective his need to create would atrophy. Commentary, criticism, applause almost always influence the artist, stimulate him, and orient and correct his progress. The true artist creates for the spectator who is not a professional but who has a taste for art and the ability to understand it. However highly he may esteem the opinion of other artists, it would be a mistake to create exclusively for them—it would tumble his art into esoterism and confine it to the rarefied atmosphere of the atelier. The public is the real depositary, entrusted with making art live and perpetuating it after the artist is gone.

"This sympathetic relation between artist and public ceases only when he creates new values that collide with tradition. The public's taste evolves more slowly than the artist's, as a rule, for even the most intelligent spectators are subject to collective suggestion, and masses tend toward stability. Therefore, innovations only

gradually penetrate to the public. But once the public comes level with the new art, contact is re-established. So the existence or non-existence of spectators is no matter of indifference to art—they are participants and collaborators.

"The spectator I mean is not the curious passerby who occasionally glances at a work of art, but the man who spends time and devotion on a particular art. Only the person with certain aptitudes which he has cultivated by experience and disciplined study can become a true spectator of art. . . . The meaning is seldom displayed in the open; it is almost always hidden, even cloaked in mystery. To interpret and at times decipher this hidden meaning of a work of art calls on the spectator for an effort. Music, just because of the concentration it demands, has been called 'the art of attention,' but in fact this is equally true of all the arts. The isolated individual is better suited to such active participation than one of a mass of spectators. On the whole, theater and concert audiences are lazy and inert and react favorably only to easily accessible works. . . ."

Ramos next turns to the problems of those forms of art that "do not exist unless interpreted"—music and drama, for example. Their interpreters are called artists, though they do not produce new works. But, as he points out, "clearly, the interpreter's artistic activity is limited within boundaries drawn by the very spirit of the work to be interpreted. That he may be, to a certain extent, a creator is confirmed by the fact that many actors and

musicians have won the reputation of genius. But obviously such creation is not free. If the interpreter abandons the ideal of faithfulness, he detracts from the meaning of the work the author has put into his hands. What he is doing, in such a case, is using the original work as a pretext.

"The question of interpretation arises chiefly in relation to music. It so happens that the system of writing down music, however detailed it may be, is inadequate to communicate the exact form in which the composer has conceived his work. Today's composers have the advantage of being able to record their music, but musicians of the past could not bequeath us their interpretive desires except through a tradition founded by their contemporaries and transmitted directly from masters to pupils over several generations. . . . Our modern criterion holds that the interpretation of music should not be left to the intuition of the interpreter, whose best artistic and technical gifts do not qualify him for guessing how to play a given composer. Interpretation is a special art that should be studied with its most responsible authorities. . . ."

"This seems to contradict the Platonic thesis that the poet's interpreter does not proceed by technique or science, but by virtue of inspiration, divine grace, an unconscious state in which he seems to be possessed by a spirit foreign to his own. The situation today, quite different from the one Plato knew, is that of a humanity with a long and varied tradition behind it. Our historical consciousness is unquestionably more wide-awake than the

Greeks' was, and demands of the interpreter a faithful reconstruction of the past that he can achieve only by knowledge. We sense clearly the differences between our age and all previous ones, between one nation and another. . . .

"This whole science of historical research would be worthless if the interpreter did not have the inspiration needed to breathe life into his artistic reconstruction; to this extent, Plato's thesis remains valid. Science and technique do not exclude inspiration, but channel it in a given direction; it would not take if left to itself. . . . It is not easy to define the 'ideal interpreter,' because the nature of his role varies with the art. In the theater, for example, the interpreter and his material blend. But with music, the ideal interpreter is one who . . . makes himself transparent, disappears from the spectator's view, leaving him in the immediate presence of the original work."

As for the critic, whose function is so controversial, Ramos believes that he is "a sign of a certain maturity in the general artistic conscience and therefore appears only sporadically, if at all, in very young cultures. The art critic appears with the development of a reflective spirit that is not satisfied to 'live' art but wants to understand rationally the meaning of each artistic work. Every artist, every spectator, becomes a critic when he passes judgment on his own work or others"; hence criticism is a general activity. But only when it plays a special role in artistic life and acquires literary expression does criticism fulfill its purpose as a complex, multi-purpose labor. It must discriminate between works that are real art and those that are not; it must define artistic values, fix their relative rank within the whole production of the time, determine their social and historical significance and their place in the evolution of art. All this has led Croce to think that criticism and the history of art are identical. . . .

"To accomplish his mission, the critic must join certain abilities that place him far above the ordinary spectator. Obviously, without a true artistic temperament, all the critic's knowledge and culture would be useless, and his judgments would have no worth.

But, unlike the spectator, the critic must possess experience and knowledge of art in general. Criticism can have validity and authority only when it is carried out with complete balance and its conclusions are given objectively. Like any spectator, the critic lives the immediate esthetic impression. . . . In a later reflective moment, his fine perception analyzes the elements of the work, determines its merits, and proceeds to judge them. . . .

"All art criticism presupposes a general concept of art, since the first task of critical analysis is the inclusion or exclusion of a given work within the category of art. . . . But it must be broad and flexible to make room for the many directions art may take. The intelligent critic cannot censure an artist because he has not achieved in his work what he did not intend to achieve. Each artist pursues an ideal of his own, the one that best corresponds to his personality, and what must be judged is whether he has achieved this goal, is far from reaching it, or clearly departs from it. And, apart from its significance as a vehicle for understanding an artistic work, art criticism is in itself a form of literature in which a great personality may be expressed. . . .

"Art criticism is not a superfluous activity; it fills a need of artistic life and culture in general. . . . Certainly, men of a degree of culture may form esthetic impressions without the help of criticism; certainly, also, the public reacts spontaneously, without waiting to see what the critics say. But it is equally true that the formation of a public consciousness of art would remain in a rudimentary state, and at the mercy of disorder, without criticism to elevate and orient it. Thus . . . a powerful stimulus to the progress and purification of artistic production would be lacking. . . ."

### BRAZILIAN VILLAGE

FOR TWO YEARS the tiny rural community of Cruz das Almas, in the Brazilian state of São Paulo, lived under a microscope focused by a team of researchers under the joint sponsorship of the Smithsonian Institution and São Paulo's School of Social and Political Sciences. In a recent issue of the economic monthly *O Observador*,

Donald Pierson, head of the party and professor of sociology at the school, sets down their findings on division of labor in the village:

" . . . Specialization (except for that identified with the separation between the sexes) is little developed, as would perhaps be expected. Most men till the land. Even the few who devote much of their time to other jobs spend at least part of it farming a tract they own or lease outside the village, or caring for a vegetable garden in their backyard. Occasionally they even work for wages on local farms or estates.

"At the same time, population growth over the generations without a corresponding increase in acreage has left many families with little or no land of their own. So the heads of such families must seek other kinds of work. When they are not working for daily wages on the farms or estates of the privileged, they can usually find jobs at the new quarry, chopping wood, making charcoal, or driving trucks (there are only three truck drivers). The exceptions are the priest, the town clerk, the baker and his two sons, the soldier, the blacksmith, the tinsmith, the grocers, and the tavern-keepers.

"Some men, besides working in the field, add to their incomes [with various trades]. Thus one man who farms a small piece of land nearby comes to the village every Saturday and Sunday to cut the hair of local residents and farmers and, less often, to shave their beards; he also builds coffins and, occasionally, rustic stools, tables, and chairs. At least three men weave baskets for their neighbors. One villager knows how to cut and lay crude stone sidewalks, and there is a farmer who repairs the drums used in the *samba*. Two farmers grind corn and another makes *pinga*, a kind of rum.

"Besides devoting full time to their business, two of the grocers and both tavern-keepers also own farms. The tinsmith's main job is to solder handles on cups and pans. Two years ago a sixty-four-year-old farmer left his farm and bought the village bakery shop; with his two sons, he now bakes all the bread consumed in the village and its surroundings (none of the housewives bake bread at home), as well as sweets and cakes.

"One man in the community is a

skilled charcoal-maker, very proud of his work. 'I've been making charcoal for thirty years,' he says. 'I started when I was a boy. It's nice work if you have the knack. It's good to see coal that chars well. A roll of blue smoke comes out; you have to control the burning, then you get lovely, heavy, first-rate charcoal. A sack of neatly packed charcoal is a beautiful thing . . . [but those who haul it] are not always careful—they toss it around and when it gets to town it's all crushed. It's a shame how careless people can be.' . . .

"The nearest physician, nurse, dentist, and druggist are located in two neighboring towns, about eleven and six miles away. But in the past few years a dentist who lives in the state capital has spent his weekends in the community doing dental work. Sickness is usually treated by one of several local quacks. One of the government employees always keeps some antivenom serum and a syringe to treat snakebites. He also gives injections, a skill he learned while serving in the army some years ago. Moreover, he occasionally sends a note to a doctor in a nearby town describing a sick person's symptoms and gets medicine and instructions from him. . . .

"The sixty-eight-year-old bell-ringer is a short man who limps a bit. He makes his modest living from his own small farm and from working for other farmers, but his status is more specifically defined by his position as the village's bell-ringer and sexton. For years he has been referred to simply as 'João, the Bell-Ringer'; his real family name hasn't been used in a long time and is perhaps forgotten.

"He takes his work very seriously and is conscious of the dignity of his role: He can improvise many rhythms, some light and gay, some solemn and sad. Though the villagers seldom wear jackets, he always wears one when ringing the bells. He is also modest. 'I ring the bells the best I can,' he says, 'not very well, but since there's nobody else who wants to ring them, I do it.' The church is the village's main building, and is well taken care of compared with the others. Hence the ringing of the bells is important in the life of the community.

"The postman walks with the mail from the nearest railroad station. He

has a horse but seldom rides it. Rain or shine, in dust or mud, for twenty-four years he has been making this round trip every day except Monday or when it rains too hard or too long. Like the bell-ringer, he has been nicknamed for his profession. He is 'João Postman.' He also makes and shoots the fireworks for village celebrations and on such occasions sends a substitute for the mail. . . .

"Indispensable to community religious celebrations is the auctioneer. He auctions off the gifts donated by the parishioners to help pay expenses. This is usually done between the morning mass and the afternoon procession. He must have qualities that are rather rare among the villagers—the ability to appear in public without shyness, to attract and hold attention for a long time with fluent talk. On his ability, of course, depends the financial success of the celebration. The present auctioneer is Bicava, a tall negro, active, energetic, and glib. . . . His appointment as auctioneer was an informal process which reflected the general feeling about his abilities.

"Federal, state, and municipal officials include the state tax collector, the town clerk, the local postmistress, the assistant to the mayor, the municipal inspector, the grave-digger, the justice of the peace (whose only job nowadays is to perform civil marriages), the assistant district attorney, and the soldier. The present tax collector also owns and farms a tract of land. 'I have been a collector for twenty-nine years,' he says proudly, 'and I have never had any trouble, either with my superiors or with the people here.' Next year he wants to retire. 'Not that the work is hard,' he explains, 'but I love to fish, and I can't go on working days. The inspector never comes around, but if I go out and close the office, then, you know, he might show up.' The postmistress is his daughter, an unmarried girl of about twenty-eight. She lives with her parents and does what little postal work there is at the hours that suit her best.

"The assistant district attorney, who serves without pay, must enforce the law and is subordinate to the township district attorney. The present one is an ex-farmer who recently sold his

land and moved into the village. He does carpentry work part-time, and built one of the three water wheels in the community. 'This is my third appointment in twenty years,' he remarks with pride. 'There isn't much to do. On Saturdays and Sundays someone might get drunk and I'd have to send him to jail to "rest." That's about all.' The soldier belongs to the state police. Minor violations are resolved entirely by these two men; more serious cases are referred to the township, while the defendant awaits decision in the jail.

"Women, both on the farms and in the village, take care of the house and family. Nearly all the farm women and some from the village work in the fields occasionally, especially when the husband or father has to finish a given job before the weather changes. Some prefer this work. . . . Two girls are now working as maids—one for the wife of a farm manager just outside the village, receiving food and some clothing for herself and her invalid mother, the other at a regular wage for the local teacher.

"The relationship between the maid and those she works for is very different from the impersonal contact of the city. It is the same relationship as between a family and some friend's daughter. A man whose wife was ill, for instance, observed of the girl who was helping out: 'I think she lives to sleep. I get up at five-thirty or six, light the stove, make the coffee, fix some eggs. Seven o'clock comes, and the girl is still snoring. Then I go over to my little son's bed and shout: "Pedro, wake up, it's time to get started, do some work!" I shout like that to wake her up.'

"One farm woman, besides caring for her husband and children, is the community's best-known midwife. Her prestige is great, and she boasts, 'I have never needed a doctor to help me.' One of the village's two teachers is a recent arrival from São Paulo; the other came fifteen years ago, married a local boy within a short time, and is now well adapted to the community's way of life. . . .

"Children start helping their mothers very early, especially in caring for the babies, and hauling wood and water. Soon afterward they start helping out in the field at the lighter tasks."

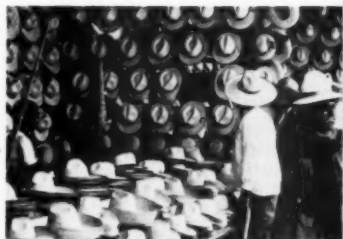
# KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 47



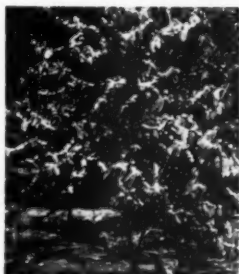
1. One of the most up-and-coming cities in the Hemisphere is pictured here—Houston, Texas; São Paulo, Brazil; or Caracas, Venezuela?

2. Straw hats are popular product of Latin American country especially noted for its silver and oil. Is it Panama, Ecuador, or Mexico?



3. Late U.S. philanthropist, born in Scotland, was principal donor of original PAU building. His libraries and fellowships are familiar institutions throughout the Western Hemisphere. Who is he?

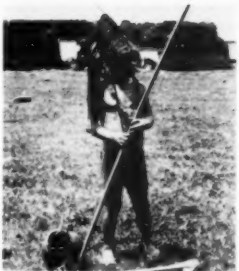
4. Tree in flower in El Salvador is recognizable by gourmets everywhere as the coffee, the orange, the lemon, or the lime tree?



5. River shown here, the \_\_\_\_\_, flows through \_\_\_\_\_. Is it the Magdalena, Orinoco, La Plata, or Amazon? Fill in blanks with name of river and name of country.



6. Instrument played here by Costa Ricans is close relative of U.S. xylophone. Is it called a marimba, vibraharp, bongo, or caramba?



7. Is this vehicle, shown moving through streets of Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada, a snowmobile, Oldsmobile, or ski-mobile?



8. Guayaqui Indian is native of Ecuador, Bolivia, or Paraguay?



9. Anyone acquainted with Tegucigalpa, Honduras, knows that this bridge connects the capital with the suburb of Brooklyn, Comayagüela, or Vedado?



10. Dating from the Inca period, approximately eight hundred years ago, massive rock fortress of Sacahuamán overlooks Uxmal, Yucatán, Mexico; Lake Titicaca, Bolivia; or Cuzco, Peru?

## COLOMBIA'S FIVE-YEAR PLAN

(Continued from page 5)

lands in the lowland valleys the normal return could be defined as 14 per cent of the property's market value, but in view of the heavy attacks by the farmers, it modified the tax plan to apply only to farms of more than seventy-five hectares (185 acres) on flat land suitable for mechanized cultivation, when the return is less than 8 per cent. In case of a poor harvest, the tax would be calculated on the basis of the highest yield in the



Gasoline storage tank at Barrancabermeja. Colombia has petroleum refinery, imports part of fuel requirements

three previous years. If the crop is lost, no tax would be charged. But there would be no distinction between good and poor lands, since this factor would be directly reflected in the properties' market value, which serves as the basis for calculating the percentage of return, and in the level of the profits themselves. Nor would there be a charge against lands that have no access to markets for their produce. Thus the tax would be specifically directed at lands suitable for crop raising that are under-cultivated or abandoned because of absenteeism or laziness on the part of the owner.

In the last ten years, one of the outstanding features of the Colombian economy has been the rapid expansion of manufacturing industries. This was fastest in textiles (30,000 to 32,000 tons produced a year), beer (10 gallons per capita annual consumption), drugs, cement, glass, footwear (2,300,000 pairs of shoes and 3,000,000 pairs of *alpargatas*—a kind of sandal—each year), tanneries, and cigarettes and tobacco (annual consumption is fifty packs of cigarettes per capita). Such companies as the *Compañía Colombiana de Tejidos* (Coltejer) and the *Fábrica de Tejidos El Hato* (Fabricato), both in textiles, and the beer combine *Consorcio de Cervecerías Bavaria*, have grown fabulously. For example, Coltejer's

paid-up capital rose from 649,000 pesos in 1936 to 37,700,000 today and the company's assets now amount to 60,000,000. By systematic reinvestment of profits, Colombian industry has raised its assets to more than 1,200,000,000 pesos.

Industrial production has increased proportionately, and it is now being encouraged still more by a strongly protective tariff, which has just come into effect and which the United States accepted as a basis for the commercial treaty recently signed with Colombia. To apply this new tariff, Colombia has so far stayed out of the system of multilateral trade agreements (GATT) that were negotiated at Havana and later at Annecy. Operation of the Greater Colombian trade agreement of 1948, signed by Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, and Panama and known as the Quito Charter, has also run into obstacles in the form of high-priced Colombian manufactured goods.

The Currie mission's plan recommends special attention to development of certain industries, with investments totaling 34,300,000 Colombian pesos and 35,920,000 U.S. dollars over the next five years.

### RECOMMENDED INVESTMENTS IN SPECIFIC INDUSTRIES

	Foreign Exchange (millions of dollars)	Domestic (millions of pesos)
cotton textiles	0.75	—
wool textiles	2.00	1.00
rayon textiles	1.00	—
shoes	0.70	2.80
mineral water	0.80	—
sugar	3.50	1.50
fats	0.42	0.40
leather	1.00	4.00
glass	0.70	1.60
chemicals	0.60	0.80
concrete batching	1.00	—
lumber	3.50	3.00
scrap and pig iron	5.00	8.00
electric smelter	0.55	—
petroleum	9.60	4.80
coal	4.80	6.40
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>35.92</b>	<b>34.30</b>

Besides these basic, "priority" investments, the mission recommended others totaling 260,000,000 pesos for expansion in industries such as flour and cereal mills, canning plants, chocolate and sweets factories, brick kilns, furniture and appliances, ready-made clothes, miscellaneous chemicals and pharmaceuticals, and paint and varnish.

Naturally, an increase in available electric power is essential to a program of industrial expansion. The mission advised raising installed capacity from the present 270,000 kw. to 475,000 kw. over the five-year period. This would involve an investment of 254,600,000 pesos, of which 180,500,000 would go for equipment and material, 74,100,000 for labor.

But the most discussed point in the whole industrial plan of the International Bank mission is that referring to the steel industry. Colombia has had a small pig-iron plant in operation at Pacho in Cundinamarca Depart-



ment and a plant producing reinforcing rods and ingots from scrap at Medellín. Some years ago large deposits of iron ore were discovered in Boyacá Department, an agricultural region far in the interior with a high proportion of Indians in the population. The deposits at Paz de Río, near Sogamoso, offer coal and limestone close to the iron ore, which should facilitate production. In view of this, certain U.S. and European firms were commissioned to study the possibilities. Most recently the Koppers Company submitted two reports, one suggesting an integrated plant to produce 193,530 tons of finished steel products a year, the other for a smaller plant to produce 104,600 tons. The large plant was estimated to cost U.S. \$94,780,000 and the smaller one U.S. \$41,000,000. The proposal indicated prices for the finished products would average U.S. \$154.19 a ton, with the large plant, or \$141.16 with the small one.

However, the technicians of the International Bank mission doubted that the construction cost estimates were accurate and expressed the view that the country's normal consumption did not justify such investment and that production costs would be too high. They suggested that it would be better to establish a scrap-reduction plant at Barranquilla capable of handling 65,000 tons a year and producing reinforcing rods, light structural elements, and wire. Construction costs should be about U.S. \$9,000,000, and the mission's report indicated that under favorable circumstances it should be possible to produce steel ingots at U.S. \$55 a ton compared to a price of \$67 a ton then prevailing in the United States.

This suggestion from the U.S. technicians set off a heated debate in Colombia. But in the end the nationalistic idea for a complete local steel industry using local ore won out. It was decided to go ahead with the plant at Paz de Río, and a group of French industrialists represented by the firm *Etablissements Delattre et Frouard Reunis*, of Paris, and financed by the Bank of Paris and the Netherlands, was given the contract to construct it. The French bank lent U.S. \$25,000,000 for the purpose. At present materials for the Paz de Río blast furnaces are beginning to arrive in Colombia, and it is estimated that in three years the plant will enter production. The part of the work that can be financed in the country is already under construction, according to a plan drawn up during the administration of President Alberto Lleras. Nationalistic mysticism triumphed over strict technical considerations as the yearning to give the country a heavy industry of its own asserted itself.

In the field of transportation, the program drawn up by the Currie mission contained several points that have provoked considerable discussion. For example, the proposed construction of a railroad parallel to the Magdalena River between Puerto Wilches and Puerto Salgar, to provide adequate transportation when that part of the river is unnavigable during the dry seasons. After a long debate this project was abandoned, but a large part of the highway plan was accepted in principle, although not definitively. Under the five-year plan, the International Bank mission recommended an expenditure for



Machinery is needed to boost agricultural production. Tractor financed by International Bank loan boards truck for interior



Colombian development agency built Icollantas tire factory with technical aid from U.S. and Mexican rubber companies

surface transportation of 101,400,000 pesos plus U.S. \$23,900,000, to be divided between railroads, pipelines, highways, port facilities, and inland waterways. This covers construction costs and equipment for specified projects, but is only a small part of the total recommended expenditures for transportation. Including purchase of rolling stock, maintenance costs, and construction of subsidiary roads and port improvements, the total runs to 1,440,000,000 pesos for the five years.

To this would be added 85,000,000 pesos for air transportation, which has developed fantastically in Colombia. By now there are four organized airlines, Avianca, Lansa, Saeta, and Sam, which operate eighty-five passenger and cargo aircraft.

Aside from heart diseases, pneumonia, tuberculosis, and cancer, the principal causes of death in Colombia are malaria, infectious gripe, intestinal parasites, diarrhea and enteritis among children under two years of age, venereal diseases, and whooping cough. In order to meet these hazards, the five-year plan Colombia is now trying to get under way aims at building and maintaining hospitals providing a total of 49,852 beds—25,019 more than in 1948. Estimated construction cost is 109,591,000 pesos, with annual maintenance of the new buildings costing 21,073,370. By 1955, Welfare Service (*Beneficencia*) and Public Health Service personnel numbering 20,410 should include 2,750 physicians (part- and full-time), 370 dentists (part-time and assistants),

6,250 nurses, and 1,250 social workers. The estimated cost of construction for the whole program of *Beneficencia* and public health services (including the hospitals mentioned above, health centers, and custodial institutions) is 145,000,000 pesos.

As for housing, the mission's report outlined suggested dwelling sizes and costs for various income groups, rural and urban. For rural homes, which cover 62 per cent of the nation's families, the average cost was figured at 2,250 pesos, and the hope was expressed that standardized wood construction could reduce costs to 20 pesos per square meter of building area. Investments for all kinds of construction would amount to 1,693,100,000 pesos.

#### RECOMMENDED INVESTMENT FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

(in millions of pesos)

urban dwellings	596.2
rural dwellings	549.2
commercial buildings	150.0
schools	50.0
public offices	50.0
hospitals	155.0
public markets and slaughterhouses	42.7
factories	100.0
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>1,693.1</b>

Those are the main features of the plan presented by the International Bank's mission headed by Lauchlin Currie. But one question remains: does the country have the resources necessary to carry it out? And in

view of the present world price trends and the Korean war, how much would the cost estimates summarized above have to be modified?

As for available resources, there is no doubt that in economically normal times Colombia is able to maintain the rate of public and private investment called for by the program. It would just be a question of planning and order in the work projects. However, in the last few months there have been signs of a Colombian financial crisis, which the experts attribute to three causes: 1) lowered consumption as a result of the drop in agricultural production because of the country's tense political situation, which has been most acute in rural areas; 2) lowered purchasing power of wages and salaries because of the excessive rise in prices of goods (especially of food), which now take 60 per cent of wages; and 3) a 30 per cent drop in coffee exports, for the same reason noted in (1), which has prevented the country from enjoying the full benefit of the fact that Colombian coffee is being quoted at sixty cents a pound in New York, an unprecedented figure.

The first recommendations to lead to action (by decree, since the Congress is still suspended) concerned changes in the organization of the *Banco de la República* (the Central Bank) and the foreign exchange system. Colombia's Central Bank was originally organized by another U.S. mission, led by Professor Kemmerer, along lines that are familiar throughout the Hemisphere. It has private stockholders, and they are represented on the board of directors. Under a new regulation, the Finance Minister has been given a veto power over all decisions affecting monetary and credit policy.

In regard to exchange rates, since 1947 Colombia, for practical purposes, had had three: the official selling rate of 1.96 pesos to the dollar (1.95 buying rate); the so-called "gray" rate, on exchange certificates for part of the dollars coming from exports, a rate that fluctuated freely in the market, going up to nearly 3.00 to the dollar; and the black market or contraband rate, which floated around 3.20. The Currie mission recommended that the country should move by degrees toward unification of the rate structure.

The present "par" rate of 1.95 is used only in connection with the proceeds of coffee exports, applying to 75 per cent of such dollars. For the other 25 per cent of coffee proceeds, and all other money from exports, the government buys the dollars at a rate of 2.50, established in March. Year by year, the proportion of coffee proceeds given the more advantageous new rate will be increased. The corresponding selling rate of 2.51 is used for all foreign payments. Free-market and exchange-certificate rates have been abolished, but there is a black market quotation of around 2.80. Naturally this sharp revision of exchange practice, accompanied by severe selective restrictions on the amount and kind of goods that can be imported, has brought with it a tight financial situation, accentuated by the declaration of a limit on the volume of credit banks can extend. Colombia is struggling to control the inflation it has suffered from for about six years. For the first time since the war there



Sugar, rice offer export possibilities if processing is improved. Palmira sugar mill in the Cauca Valley



Magdalena River is country's main communications line, harried by silting in lower course, periodic droughts farther upstream

is a tendency toward lower prices. It is too early to speak of deflation, but no one knows whether or when such a movement may begin. For these reasons, economic observers in Colombia believe that the practical development of the Currie plan may be delayed.

The other aspects of the plan on which action has been taken so far lie in the field of transportation. The railroads are being systematically reorganized, in order to reduce operating costs, decreasing the number of personnel and somewhat affecting the welfare provisions they had won. As for highway construction, a good start has been made on the plan with the granting of a U.S. \$16,500,000 loan by the International Bank for the purchase of road-building equipment. The loan agreement calls for a matching investment of 57,900,000 pesos from the Colombian Government's own resources. In aviation, an airport corporation has been formed to get that part of the plan under way.

These are the best-known features of the first experiment in Latin America in basic planning of the national economy. The chief of the mission, a sixtyish, small, nervous financier, who once belonged to President Roosevelt's "brain trust," is optimistic about the prospects for carrying out the program, which is mainly intended to induce Colombians to "put their own house in order."

"I believe," Mr. Currie has said, "that Colombia has proved an appropriate field in which to conduct the economic experiment that inspired the sending of the mission. Colombia has human and natural resources that should be able to support a much higher standard of living than it now enjoys. Its international economic position is excellent, and I have found a willingness to consider long-range reforms in the field of economic policy. Although we are still in the planning stage, the wide interest and discussion the report provoked and the action already being taken on certain of the recommendations we made have been very encouraging."

He added, "I believe that most of the Latin American countries face problems more or less similar to Colombia's, and that our success or failure will be of great interest and assistance to them. I think the procedure of establishing a committee of eminent citizens, chosen without regard to political affiliation, to study a report and revise it, amend it, and bring its conclusions up to date, so as to convert it from a foreign report into a Colombian report, has already proved very useful. This is a method that could profitably be adopted in other countries. The committee works in close contact with the government, and since its members have more time and fewer distractions than the members of the cabinet, it can give many of the economic and administrative problems confronting the country more complete study. Another step that has already proved valuable is the policy of going ahead simultaneously on the studies of economic and administrative reforms."

From what we have seen, then, the outlook for the five-year plan established for Colombia with the aid of the International Bank is bright. Even though, in accordance with Latin American tradition, it may be a five-year plan carried out in twenty years.

## ALIAS DR. ATL

(Continued from page 11)

come there exploded a cluster of fire-flowers, wrapped in clouds of dust. A river of lava came rushing toward me. The heat suffocated me. I wanted to flee, but my legs refused to move. I grabbed the small trunk of an oak, but it burned my hands. There was nothing to do but see all I could before I died. The wide river of lava dashed down in a cascade, while from the fiery fountain rose an enormous whirlwind of flame, thick and red, and other whirlwinds of dust accompanied it in a fantastic dance...."

In February, following publication of his latest book *El Grito de la Atlántida* (*The Cry of Atlantis*), Dr. Atl made plans to set out in a little boat in search of the lost continent. Lack of money to finance the project and his friends' horror finally dissuaded him. Since then there have been rumors of his impending marriage, but these he serenely ignores as he sits on his little campstool a few yards off the highway to Cuernavaca, creating a new canvas of the Valley of Mexico.

Dr. Atl has specialized in Mexican panoramas, and in his work the mountains, valleys, and volcanoes attain an almost cosmic force. The earth's curvature, so often shown in his large canvases, adds to this impression. Painting Parícutin seems to have given him a new release and a more forceful style.

The Atl-colors he invented are now used by many painters, but most fail to bring out the luminosity and depth of landscapes that one finds in his work. The formula for Atl-colors contains resin, wax, and pigments; since they do not mix, the dry colors are superimposed on each other. *Petro resina*, an Atl mixture of petroleum and resin, adds, according to the painter, "transparency and richness and guarantees the permanence of the colors."

Endless columns have been written about this fabulous painter and his work, almost always in praise. His main detractors have been the so-called "message" painters who have occasionally attacked him for lacking social consciousness. In a recent issue of *México y la Cultura*, On the Slopes of Popocatepetl, drawing of one of Dr. Atl's beloved Mexican mountain haunts



Sunday supplement of *Novedades*, which was devoted entirely to the volcano painter, he was described as: "extraordinary, fantastic, solitary, a forerunner of modern painting, revolutionary, a giant reduced to human proportions, ascetic." The critic Ceferino Palencia used Ruskin in referring to Dr. Atl's art: "Nothing but the truth, as much truth as possible, but this truth presented in a form so that imagination comes to its help to communicate the aspect of reality." Dr. Atl is a great painter and one of the finest draftsmen alive. . . . Palencia continued, "All his work, from the smallest sketches to the largest canvas, always gives one a sensation of enormous magnificence. The psychology of the landscapes presents the subjects or elements as endowed with a powerful magnitude and sublimity. Sometimes the clouds alone symbolize a whole landscape. . . ."

"When I paint," Dr. Atl has written, "I do it for pure pleasure, physiological and spiritual, without worrying about technical or esthetic preoccupations." No doubt that is why in each of his canvases there is a freshness and vitality, as if it were a human being's first look at a new world.

Last April Dr. Atl was appointed by the august Colegio Nacional to take the chair left vacant since José Clemente Orozco's death. But the letter naming him was addressed to Gerardo Murillo. It was returned unopened, with this notation on the envelope: "No Gerardo Murillo known at this address."

## GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

Inside Front Cover Courtesy Buchholz Gallery, New York

4 Foto Industrial, courtesy International Bank (top)—Courtesy Grace Line (bottom)

5 Scott Seegers (center)

7 Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, Julian A. Weston

8 Nos. 1, 2, 4, Julian A. Weston

10 No. 1, J. Olivares

12 Scott Seegers (bottom)

13 Charles Perry Weiner, Three Lions—Scott Seegers

14 Scott Seegers (3)

17 Courtesy Scientific American

18 Courtesy U. S. National Museum, Smithsonian Institution (7)—Courtesy Chicago Natural History Museum (bottom center)

21 Photo News Service of Mexico (3)

22, 23 Courtesy C. A. Dubois (3)

28 Benjamin Morales, *El Mando—El Mundo*

31 Rafael Pineda (2)

36 Nos. 2, 4, 5, F. Adelhardt—No. 3, Harris and Ewing

40 Nos. 1 and 10, courtesy Braniff International Airways—No. 7, courtesy Canadian Embassy

41 Scott Seegers

42 L. S. Rama, courtesy International Bank (top)

46 Scott Seegers—Courtesy Grace Line

47 Hodge, Three Lions

Inside Back Cover Arnold Hasenclever

## FOR YOUR RECORD LIBRARY

RECOMMENDED by Pru Devon, Producer-Commentator, "Nights in Latin America," Radio Station WQXR, New York; and Evans Clark, whose well-known record library supplies most of the music.

1. **EL PORTEÑO** Venezuelan Merengue  
**FULGIDA LUNA** Serenata Victor 23-0596

The Venezuelan *merengue* displays some astonishing effects in the accompaniment, ranging from a harsh rasping to an electrifying passage on drums and trumpet. *Fulgida Luna* shows a totally different side of Maria Teresa Acosta's technique. Venezuela's outstanding woman singer, Miss Acosta is a highly skilled and sensitive performer. The lovely, slow *serenata* is richly sentimental, deeply nostalgic.

2. **EL ABANDONADO** Canción Mexicana  
**YA NO ME QUIERES** Bolero Victor 23-0915

Those who have been in Mexico during the last few years will undoubtedly recall *El Abandonado*, which Pedro Vargas made famous. If you prefer Vargas in his more exuberant and typically Mexican renditions, you may feel that these selections are too slow and sentimental, but his fine voice shows up to excellent advantage in both.

3. **LA CIEGUITA** Argentine Tango  
**AGÜELITA ¿QUE HORAS SON?** Vals Victor 23-5151

On one side you have Libertad Lamarque with one of her famous tangos. By contrast, the waltz presents a totally different flavor and a lighthearted, lilting performance by Argentina's first lady of song.

4. **ENTRE NARANJALES** Colombian Bambuco  
**NIÑA DE CARA MORENA** Bambuco SMC 1282

The Colombian *bambuco* is a dance-song closely related to, but definitely distinct from, the waltz. The element that makes it conspicuously Colombian rather than European is the underlying cross-rhythm that completely eliminates the accented first beat. The Trio Dalmar is a relatively new group, and if this record is a fair sample, they should go very far. Neat, skillful instrumental work is complemented by pleasing, well-matched voices.

5. **COMO LA GRANA** Spanish Alegrias  
**LA PAXARINA** Aires Asturianos ADA 12

Orestes Menéndez sings both sides, while the accompaniment for the *Alegrias* is played by the renowned guitarist Carlos Montoya. In this most traditional of all Spanish gypsy Flamenco dances, the combination is perfect. Sr. Menéndez has a gentler and more relaxed style than many Flamenco artists, creating a nostalgic old-world atmosphere. In the colorful regional melodies from Asturias, the piano accompaniment is not nearly so satisfying, but the songs themselves are unique.

6. **LIG-LIG-LIG-LE** Brazilian Marcha  
**MARIA BOA** Samba Decca 18192

This recording brings Carnival time in Rio straight into your own living room. The internationally famous Bando da Lua is the vibrant group who helped make Carmen Miranda popular. Their sparkling performance indicates that they need no star; all play native instruments and sing with infectious vigor and humor.

7. **LA BANDERA** Puerto Rican Plena  
**RITA Plena** Ansonia 5052

Ramito and his group of "Happy Peasants" (*Jibaras Alegres*) with two typically Puerto Rican songs in the *plena* rhythm. The *plena* is a regional dance in two parts, one unchanging with a short refrain sung by a chorus, and one part where the solo singer narrates a story in more or less free meter. It is the Caribbean equivalent of the Mexican *corrido* and the Spanish ballad.

8. **QUE CONTENTO ESTOY** Canción  
**BABALU** Son Afro-cubano London R-10036

In *Qué Contento Estoy*, Donato Román Heitman, one of Chile's most popular composers, borrows the Mexican *ranchero* idiom and style. Both songs on this disc are sung with vitality by the Chilean Rosita Serrano. You are undoubtedly familiar with Margarita Lecuona's *Babalú*; this recording is certainly not an authentic performance, for Miss Serrano over-dramatizes and satirizes it, but her beautiful singing of the *canción* completely overshadows this minor defect on the second side.

## LAND ON THE EQUATOR

(Continued from page 15)

over the sidewalks, supported by columns, forming arcades and shutting out the glare of the sun. Its streets—principally the commercial artery called 9 de Octubre and the Malecón, the city's parade ground framing the waterfront—are wide and paved.

Under the arcades are the principal shops, banks, and agencies of the local and foreign firms engaged in trading there. When traffic is not moving, the streets have that noisy silence peculiar to the tropics, so that when a cycle bell is rung or leather heels pass by on the sidewalk a profound impression is made on the listener. Guayaquil is also a combination of river smells, fish, tar, and oil, sudden whiffs of rich cigar smoke, and small cyclones of dust stirred by windpuffs in the gutter. At its sidewalk cafes you can sip the excellent beer brewed at one end of town, watch the lotteries, have your shoes shined, read the papers, and watch the ships come in. Most of its activity is focused along the waterfront, where stevedores bent double under heavy loads meet each other coming off and on barges and ships; where workers peel the rice in sheds or dry cacao on the river bank; or where light, buoyant balsa logs (one of the country's many useful woods) come downstream from the forests back in the interior. Ferries cross frequently to Durán, and gasoline launches and dugouts put-put across the brown and throbbing surface to who knows what intriguing destination.

Once called "the pest-hole of the Pacific," Guayaquil today has overcome the yellow fever that plagued it before 1920. Although prosperous, it is not prosperous in the same way it was when it supplied the cacao for nearly half the world's chocolate supply. Thirty-five years ago, a blight struck the tender plants, and production dropped seventy per cent. Absentee landowners had to return home from Europe. Appalled at the prospect of

*Sacks of tagua nuts (vegetable ivory) awaiting shipment at Manta, on north coast, will probably end up in button factory*



*Otavalo children are miniature replicas of their parents*

living in unhealthy Guayaquil, they were obliged to clean up the place. Since then, it has been Ecuador's most modern city.

An aspect of the country of interest to every visitor is the Indian tribe that inhabits Santo Domingo de los Colorados sixty-five miles west of Quito, reached by a horseback journey over mountains and through jungles along a path marked by a single telegraph wire that links the capital to this remote community. These Indians' most curious feature is their color, an entirely artificial brick red achieved by painting their bodies with the juice of the *achiote* plant. They wear almost no clothes except short woven skirts and comb their hair down over their eyes in bangs so long they have to tilt their heads back to see. Occasionally they wear a skein of spun cotton fibers as a hat of sorts. Quite harmless and peace-loving, they rarely wander far from Santo Domingo, where they like to drink and play the marimba. Without any idea of the significance of money, they spend their lives as small farmers or pig-breeders.

Then there is Cuenca, production center for Panama hats, the nation's fourth largest export. Hat-weaving was imported into the region years ago from Manabí to the north. Since then, local weavers have built up a several-million-dollar-yearly business, although their products are not nearly so fine as the hats woven in Montecristi on the coast. Panamas, incidentally, are so named because they were originally marketed in Panama and buyers associated them with that country.

Little visited but proud possessions of Ecuador are the twelve large and several hundred small islands named for the tortoise, the Galápagos archipelago some six hundred miles west of Guayaquil. Sometimes called the Enchanted Islands, they are known for their wild life and volcanic structure and rank with Tibet and



Tahiti as one of the world's most exotic regions. Approximately 2,500 Ecuadoreans live in the 3,029 square miles comprising the area. They farm and fish, receive their incoming mail and post the outgoing in an upturned barrel on Charles Island, an infrequent stop for occasional tramps. The islands feature white sand beaches, rugged cliffs of gray lava, and luxuriant upland interiors that sometimes reach a height of five thousand feet. At various times they have been visited by British warships, Charles Darwin, New England whalers, pirates, buccaneers, numerous scientific expeditions, a German "love" colony, and a score of millionaire yachtsmen who have left their names painted on the lonely cliffs of Tagus Cove. Most recently, the group was an outpost of the U. S. Navy during World War II, for its proximity to the Panama Canal lends it a strategic importance not to be underestimated. All these visits have contributed to the gradual extinction of the turtles, iguanas, and cormorants that once abounded there. Nevertheless, penguins, pelicans, and sea lions figure strongly in the local population, still unspoiled by the remotest resemblance to modern civilization.

Ecuador, then, seems to have everything. It is the crazy-quilt of Latin America. To the despair of the artist, the economist would like to change it. The educators and officials would like to define what is already taken for granted. Let them proceed with caution. For in a world as confused as ours today, it is reassuring to know there is at least one place on the globe where time has moved so slowly the people still retain the civility of a forgotten era.

*Townspeople and Indians from distant farms flock to weekly markets*



## TICKET TO CENTRAL AMERICA

*(Continued from page 21)*

aid that the governments ought to provide, in the national self-interest, through special credits and other measures.

Briefly, the congress considered and voted additional recommendations along the following lines: organization of national and regional associations of hotels, restaurants, travel agencies, and general groups representing all private sectors of the tourist industry; government measures to protect centers of tourist interest and to keep typical handicrafts alive; adoption of a system enabling the traveler to exchange his currency quickly and with minimum loss; granting of postal franking privileges for travel publicity material; establishment of specialized schools to train hotel and restaurant personnel as well as capable tourist guides; close collaboration between government and private enterprise in all planning and development of the tourist industry; stepped-up effort on the part of air, land, and sea carriers to publicize the area's tourist attractions, particularly in the United States and Canada.

Two resolutions were especially addressed to the Organization of American States, demonstrating that, while dealing with travel problems peculiar to Mexico, Central America, and Panama, the congress did not lose sight of the continental picture. One referred to the "studies entrusted to the Pan American Union on measures to prevent abuse of freedom of transit within the Western Hemisphere," under the Final Act of the Fourth Meeting of Foreign Ministers held recently in Washington, D.C. It urged that in undertaking such studies "due consideration be given to the importance of inter-American travel as an economic factor in the lives of our peoples and to the progress attained so far by the American Republics in the field of facilitation of travel by *bona fide* tourists throughout the American Continent." Fear was generally expressed that, in combating subversive activities, restrictive measures might be suggested that would hinder the development of an industry already recognized as a distinct economic asset the world over. It was also urged that "the governments of the countries participating in the congress support the recommendations of the Third Inter-American Travel Congress for the organization of an Inter-American Travel Commission, with permanent secretariat in the Pan American Union, Washington, D.C., and that they instruct their representatives on the OAS Council to seek the establishment of such a commission at an early date."

The Second Travel Congress of Mexico, Central America, and Panama will be held in Guatemala, with the month of May, 1952, as the tentative date.

## Answers to Quiz on page 40

- |                       |                 |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. São Paulo, Brazil  | 6. Marimba      |
| 2. Mexico             | 7. Snowmobile   |
| 3. Andrew Carnegie    | 8. Paraguay     |
| 4. Coffee             | 9. Comayagüela  |
| 5. Orinoco, Venezuela | 10. Cuzco, Peru |

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### EFFICIENCY RATING

Dear Sirs:

... I find AMERICAS so interesting that I am sorry to have missed any of the issues prior to my subscription. Taking advantage of my newness, may I make a comment on the article: "Haiti Writes a New Chapter"?

The comment is inspired by the inefficiency—as recorded by the author—on the part of the sanitary people while seeking water. These were United States government employees, and it is hardly surprising that there was inefficiency. It is "form." It probably didn't occur to Major Edwin L. Dudley, who "spent weeks scrambling up and down hills behind Port-au-Prince," that a helicopter would have shown him everything, perhaps within one working day.

Haiti is not unlike Hawaii, especially the Island of Oahu, where through irrigation the sugar yield has been boosted from a mere five tons per acre to more than 17 tons. The water was obtained from artesian wells. Eva plantation has a flow of approximately 85,000,000 gallons a day; Oahu, a flow of approximately 72,000,000 gallons a day; and these are but two of the plantations using underground water.

The article describes the lime underground, and tells us that underground streams were found. But it would hardly occur to government employees to investigate the lessons of Oahu as developed by the former oil well drillers, the McCandless brothers, would it?

[For another thing] ... the first crop on newly irrigated land was rice, of all things, when the necessity was for food. Rice needs so much more water than other crops that it could well wait for its turn. ...

Charles Coulter  
Major (Ret.) U.S. Army  
Washington, D. C.

We turned Major Coulter's letter over to Scott Seegers, author of the article, for an answer. He writes: "Probably I am just as inefficient as Major Coulter imagines Major Dudley was. Instead of saying that Dudley spent weeks scrambling around the hills, I should have said that for weeks he spent every minute he could spare from other duties in the search. I don't know whether he thought of a helicopter or not. I do know that his mission operated on a shoestring, and the several thousand dollars a helicopter costs would have been out of the question at that exploratory stage, when there was little guarantee of success. I also know that some of the ravines he poked into are too narrow and steep-sided to admit the sweep of the rotor blades, and too covered with brush to make a proper study possible without rooting into the rock strata."

"The office of Delegate Farrington, of Hawaii, says Hawaii is considerably unlike Haiti. Hawaiian land devoted to agriculture is generally rich and productive, while that of Haiti is terribly poor. The first crop on the newly-irrigated land was food—rice. They eat it in Haiti, as well as in most other parts of the earth."

### OUR HOUSE IS YOURS

Dear Sirs:

We at Casa Americanista in Uruguay wish to extend a cordial invitation to writers and artists all over the Hemisphere to visit our headquarters when they are in Montevideo. The group, which is affiliated with UNESCO, was formed in 1949 at the instigation of the poetess Juana de Ibarbourou and the distinguished Peruvian statesman Dr. Rafael Larco Herrera. The founder and current president is the journalist Ariel Bouchatón Martini.

Here are some of the attractions at Casa Americanista that might interest visiting intellectuals:

A permanent exhibition by well-known Americans of sculpture and paintings, including more than 100 oils, watercolors, engravings, and gouaches.

A library devoted exclusively to works by American authors.

A folklore museum and music room.

A hall of heroes, with photographs of the marble busts of American heroes that stand in the Pan American Union's Hall of Heroes.

And finally, we have living accommodations for two people so that we can take care of out-of-town visitors on cultural missions.

The Board of Casa Americanista urges American writers and artists to get in touch with us either by correspondence or in person at Miguel Barreiro 3362, Montevideo.

Maria M. Ruy Duplessis  
Press Secretary

### COLUMBUS—SPANIARD OR ITALIAN?

Dear Sirs:

Augustly personified in Señor Don Cristóbal de Colón y Fonterosa and in his fellow Spanish mariners, Spain quite alone discovered all the Americas, bequeathing language and race to two-thirds of them. ... Columbus' birthplace, however, remains the peripheral enigma, deriving from the claims of seventeen Italian cities and from new and important reasons which Pontevedra, Spain, can now adduce.

A thin chain of impassioned scholars, sacrificing money and health, founded the Pontevedra dialectic. Stout criticism emanated from Serrano Sanz (1914) and La Real Academia de la Historia (1928) under domination of Altolaguirre. I have a letter (November 3, 1950) regarding the latter from el Señor Duque de Alba. These great historians are, principally, Sr. D. Celso García de la Riega (authored *Colón, español*, 1913), Sr. D. Prudencio Otero Sánchez (authored *España, Patria de Colón*, 1922), Dr. Constantino de Horta y Pardo (authored *La Verdadera Cuna de Cristóbal Colón*, 1912).

The *New York Herald Tribune* (November 1, 1925) published my 1400-word tabulation of the Pontevedra proofs; photostats are available. Before long I shall will my material legally to vigorous investigators, adequately endowed financially. Experience in Simancas and Pontevedra taught me that rugged individualists researching on Columbus wilt and/or die when confronted by the vastnesses of Spanish archives, however much their moral certitude grows that just around the corner will be found the final desideratum needed in order to write into punctilious history, "de Colón was born in Spain."

Since my age makes retirement imminent, will interested readers please write to me promptly at the address below?

Clarence Austin Castle  
Box 326  
Montvale, New Jersey

Our Brazilian editors point out that first, it is not quite true that "Spain quite alone discovered all the Americas ..." since in his four voyages Columbus touched only Hispaniola, Cuba, Jamaica, the northern coast of South America, and Central America from Honduras to Panama. Brazil, for example, was discovered by Portuguese navigator Pedro Álvares Cabral, on April 21, 1500, and that is quite a big chunk of the Americas. Second, Spain did not bequeath "language and race to two-thirds" of the Americas. Considering that the population of the United States is about 150,000,000 and that of Latin America roughly the same, and considering that fifty-five million Brazilians (primarily of Portuguese "race") speak Portuguese, a couple of million Haitians speak French, and 150,000,000 yanquis speak English, you will find that the Spanish-speaking population comes to a little under one hundred million. Therefore, it would be more accurate to say that Spain bequeathed "language and race" to one third of the Americas. From the political standpoint—eighteen out of twenty-one republics—the figure should be six-sevenths.

### WANTED: A PEN PAL

Dear Sirs:

Will you please publish my address so that I can enter into correspondence with some of AMERICAS' readers? I'd like to receive letters on general themes dealing with customs or traditions in any of the American countries. In this way I hope to broaden my knowledge of my neighbors that began with my studies in secondary school.

Olga Rudi  
Giribone 1111  
Buenos Aires, Argentina



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